The Outlook

DECEMBER 1, 1915

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: AMERICA AND GERMANY

We commend to the attention of those who say that America has no need to fear a victorious Germany this utterance of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," an influential German paper:

> Few events of the war have caused such widespread or deep bitterness in Germany as the attitude of the United States after war was declared. A certain time will be required for Germany to recuperate. It would be a pity if this recuperation should be disturbed by commercial conflicts resulting from the present attitude of the United States.
>
> When Germany has recovered from the war, she will undertake a widespread, well-engineered work of education in America as to the relative merits of Germans and Britons. If necessary, the mailed fist will also be applied to American aberrations.
>
> Meanwhile Germany will show patience and consideration for certain weak sides of the American national character.

No action or even remonstrance has, as we write (November 24), come from our Government about the Ancona atrocity, nor has anything whatever been *done* about the Lusitania slaughter. The Administration is mistaken if it thinks that the American people will forget or forgive inaction in these matters. We have not seen the difference between our claims upon Great Britain and our wrongs suffered from Germany better stated than in the following sentences from the New York "Evening Post:"

> "Great Britain's offenses, however serious, lie in a domain in which definition is difficult, in which the stretching of precedents, the remaking of rules, has always been going on; while the German pretension of a right to kill non-combatants on merchant ships is in flat violation of a principle of international right which has been held inviolable for generations, and the abandonment of which would be a betrayal of the cause of humanity itself."

On another page we print a portrait of Dr. Cecile Greil, the American woman whose story of the sinking of the Ancona (now before our Government in the form of an affidavit) shows her to be clear-headed and a competent and careful observer. Whatever may be the fact as regards an attempt on the part of the Ancona to escape—and what vessel would not attempt to escape when the alternative, at the best, is the placing of crew and passengers in small boats on the open sea?—that matter is of infinitely inferior consequence to the fact, testified to by Dr. Greil and others, that the Austrian submarine continued to shell the Ancona long after it came to a stop, and then torpedoed and sank it while innocent non-combatants, including women and children, were still on board or were close to it in open boats. The great loss of life on the Ancona has perhaps drawn attention away from the fact that this is only one of many vessels sunk in the Mediterranean by Austrian and German submarines. Our Consul, Mr. Mason, who was sent to Bizerta to examine the Ancona's survivors, declares that between the 3d and 7th of November thirteen vessels were sunk by submarines in that vicinity. Mr. Mason, by the way, confirms the general opinion of Dr. Greil as "an intelligent and impartial witness."

GERMAN PLOTS IN AMERICA

The trial in New York City of Karl Buenz, the managing director in this country of the Hamburg-American Line, and of other officials of the company, began last week before a Federal court. The facts alleged by our Government are openly admitted by these conspirators. Very briefly stated, it is admitted that they sent out under false clearances and manifests vessels secretly chartered by the Hamburg Company, loaded with food, coal, and other supplies intended for, and in most cases actually delivered to, German war-vessels on the high seas or in foreign ports. The prosecution holds that this is a violation of our customs law, and also in effect a violation of the neutrality of our Government. So far as the defense has been outlined, it is that the purpose was not to deceive the American Government (although most positively that was done), but to deceive and injure

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the enemies of Germany. In his opening address Mr. Wood, the Assistant United States District Attorney who is prosecuting the case, described this as an attempt "to ride roughshod over the laws of the United States." The offenses were not confined to New York, and it is charged that the conspiracy to aid Germany by violating our laws was widespread and involved a very large number of vessels—seventeen, we think, is the number. Moreover, witnesses have already testified to the existence of one fund of $750,000 used for these and similar purposes on the order of Captain Boy-Ed, the Naval Attaché of the German Embassy. Captain Boy-Ed is, of course, exempt from prosecution as a diplomatic representative, but after the conclusion of this case it is incredible that he should be still regarded as *persona grata*. And how about Captain Franz von Papen, who called Americans idiots (*blödsinnige*), and who is also said to be involved in anti-American German activity?

The Buenz trial brings to public view only one of the many activities which have been carried on in this country contrary to law. Patience, of course, must be exercised toward our Government in its efforts to bring to a satisfactory conclusion the prosecutions and investigations under way relating to the plotting of fires and explosions in munition plants and ships. That these plots should be exposed and punished is one of the most important National matters now pending. Making all allowance for sensationalism and falsehood, there is absolutely no question that there has been a vast conspiracy, financed with immense sums of money. One indication of this is the recent statement by the Fire Marshal of Pennsylvania, Mr. Joseph L. Baldwin, after an official inquiry into the Bethlehem Steel, Roebling, and other fires. Mr. Baldwin says: "Every one of the fires in plants making munitions and other supplies for the Allies was of incendiary nature, started by persons who have not as yet been discovered."

THE SITUATION IN GREECE

The relation of Greece to the Allies appears at this writing to be somewhat better than has lately been supposed. Last week appeared a detailed and apparently authentic statement that an embargo or blockade, or both, had been placed upon Greek commerce and Greek trading vessels held up in the ports of France and Great Britain. This statement, which was cabled from Athens as being that of the British Legation, attributed the action to the attitude adopted by the Greek Government "as regards certain questions concerning the security of the allied troops and the liberty of action to which they are entitled in connection with the disembarkation of allied troops on Greek territory." Later, however, it was announced that the embargo and blockade had not actually been put in operation, and the inference seems to be that the interview of the King with Lord Kitchener, which took place last week, and the influence in Athens of a French Cabinet Minister, M. Cochin, had resulted in assurances that the demands of the Allies would be complied with. These demands do not include entrance by Greece into the war, but assurances that French, British, and also Servian troops, which may have to retreat over the borders of Servia and Bulgaria back into Greece, will not be disarmed or opposed by the Greek army. This is absolutely essential to the safety and security of the forces of the Allies in the Balkans, and it is also right that the assurance should be given, because the forces of the Allies which landed at Salonika did so on the tacit, if not actual, invitation of Greece.

The internal situation of Greece is disturbed, and almost anything may happen. The resignation of the present Premier, Stephanos Skouloudis, is predicted as imminent. If the Allies are to oppose the great drive of the combined Teutonic and Bulgarian forces, they must assemble and support a formidable army whose only road toward the field of war is through Greece. The blockade proposed by the Allies, but now apparently abandoned, is described from the point of view of international law as one of those steps known as "measures of constraint short of war." Mr. Rhallis, the Greek Minister of Justice, has published a long statement in which he declares that his Government is now taking an attitude "more in conformity with the desires of the Allies," and that any idea that an attempt would be made by Greece to disarm the Allies "is senseless," but that "we do not wish to be another Belgium or Servia."

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The subjugation of Servia has proceeded with ruthless steadiness and against heroic and really marvelous resistance. It seems now improbable that the Servians who have

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been fighting the German and Bulgarian advance from the north and east can make their way to join their comrades who have been fighting the Bulgarians in the south. Novibazar, Mitrovica, Pristina, and Prilep are important points occupied by their enemies, and Monastir is either captured or in imminent danger. Servian forces have been forced westward into Montenegro and are fighting with the Montenegrins against the Austrians. The official despatches from both of the combatants allege atrocities, mutilation of the wounded, and ill treatment of prisoners. In southern Servia the Allies and the Servians have won some successes; obviously, however, they are waiting for reinforcements. It is asserted that General Joffre has persuaded England to abandon the Dardanelles and send the forces now there to Salonika.

Nowhere has the fighting been more severe during the week than in the Italian operations aimed ultimately against Trieste. For five months the most important part of the campaign along the Isonzo has been directed against Gorizia, which guards the line of attack against Trieste, and is itself guarded by natural defenses which make it almost impregnable. In order to gain possession of the approach to Gorizia and bombard that city, the Italians must take height after height. Last week it was reported that they had gained possession of the Podgora Heights, which are regarded as the key to Gorizia, as in turn Gorizia is often regarded as the key to Trieste. It is predicted that the fall of Gorizia will follow, yet it is admitted that there are three or four other heights which must be gained to open the road entirely. Deep gorges, narrow valleys, high cliffs, make all this country almost ideal for defense. It is at least certain that the Italians have been fighting with the utmost fierceness, and have attacked again and again positions from which a terrible fire was poured upon them.

THE UNIVERSITY AND NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS

It is beginning to be clearly seen that any great and effective policy of National defense includes, not merely a scheme of military preparedness, but co-ordinated schemes of developing and organizing the individual and material resources of the country. Two weeks ago The Outlook published an article by Mr. Franklin T. Miller outlining a way in which the manufacturing industries of the country can be mobilized for the promotion of American efficiency and defense. The advocates of good roads, of well-managed railways, and of properly worked mines are coming into the movement. The question has now been raised whether the colleges and the universities of the country have not a very real part to play in the development of National preparedness. Dr. Stewart Paton, of Princeton, New Jersey, has published in the issue of "Science" for November 5 a letter which seems to us a striking contribution to the discussion of what he calls "the National malady of general unpreparedness for either war or peace."

Dr. Paton rightly believes that no movement for military or industrial preparedness will avail much unless there is a dynamic intellectual power in American civilization to direct it. In presenting the following four definite questions he asks: "What active preparations are our universities making to assume their share in this great movement?"

1. Can you suggest a method by which a freer interchange of opinion and criticism between universities might be effected?
2. How can we combat the obsessions and over-valued ideas that are the common accompaniments of emotional reactions associated with athletic contests and which make it extremely difficult to substitute the National for the provincial ideal in university administration?
3. Do you believe that a broader and more intelligent spirit would be introduced into the administration of affairs if the principle was carried into practice of adding faculty representatives, including those from other universities, to each board of trustees or overseers?
4. Have you any suggestion to offer in regard to the changes in the present form of organization so that the administration of the finances and the formulation of the educational policy should not be under the control of a single board of trustees?

Would it not be useful if some of our university leaders arranged a conference under university and college auspices for a public discussion of the function of the university and the college in the development of National efficiency?

A CALL TO ARMS FOR PEACE

At the recent dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the New York Life Insurance Company, made an address which has deservedly attracted wide attention. Although the address was permeated with the spirit of a fine

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idealism, it cannot be waved aside as the expression of a visionary, for Mr. Kingsley is known as a practical and successful man of affairs. He points out, what The Outlook has often iterated and reiterated, that the struggle in Europe is fundamentally a struggle between free democracy and autocratic sovereignty:

A striking feature of this war is that its divisions do not follow the usual lines of cleavage. Neither race nor color nor religion is primarily responsible for the conditions in Europe nor for the cataclysm which has occurred. Christians are fighting Christians, Jews are killing Jews, Moslems are against Moslems, whites are murdering whites, men of color are fighting their own kind, Saxons are fighting their own breed, Slavs are against Slavs.

The system of Europe has been that of national sovereignty, and "no sovereignty," says Mr. Kingsley, "except that of Germany saw fully what this meant. Germany saw it long ago. Sovereignty from the beginning meant ultimate world dominion by some nation. It could mean nothing else."

Mr. Kingsley then proceeds to show that the American system embodies the idea of yielding some portion of sovereign rights for the welfare of all. The thirteen colonies were originally sovereignties, and in 1787 it was perhaps more radical and difficult to weld those thirteen sovereignties into a federation for the common good than it would be to-day to weld the civilized nations of the world into a federation for the common good. Mr. Kingsley believes in arming the United States in the most efficient way possible, not for the purpose of maintaining its national sovereignty against any or all other national sovereignties, but in order that it may be prepared to enter a world conference for the purpose of establishing an international federation along the lines laid down in the Philadelphia platform of the League to Enforce Peace. With this programme we are in hearty sympathy, and we think that Mr. Kingsley has done a public service in calling attention to the fact that military preparedness does not mean preparedness for war, but really preparedness against war for peace.

The League to Enforce Peace, organized at Philadelphia not many weeks ago, of which ex-President Taft is the Chairman, proposes that the civilized nations of the world shall enter such a league, and shall agree to submit all justiciable questions to an international tribunal. If any single signatory nation attacks any other without such a submission of the controversy, all signatories to the league shall come to the armed defense of the unjustly attacked nation. We agree with ex-President Eliot of Harvard that the League should go a step further and agree to use the combined military forces of the signatory nations to enforce the decrees of the majority. But, in any event, we think that Mr. Kingsley is right in his belief that the ideal to work towards is an international federation in which the armies and navies of the national members shall be used as an international police force. If the United States is to enter such a league, it must have an army and navy with which it can do its share in this pacific work.

CONGRESS

The Sixty-fourth Congress will convene at Washington on Monday, December 6. It may, perhaps, turn out to be the most important session of the National Legislature since the Civil War, for it will have to deal with some of the most complicated and passion-breeding foreign questions that have ever perplexed a Washington Administration.

There are domestic policies to be debated which in ordinary times would be important enough, such as the building up of a merchant marine, the administration of the Philippines, the establishment of a correct budget system of Government finance, the modification of anti-trust laws so as to permit efficient industrial combinations under Government regulation, and the creation of a tariff commission to deal with the complicated details of commercial protection.

But these questions are overshadowed by the problems connected with the relations of the United States to Europe and to Mexico. What will Congress have to say about the murderous sinking of the Lusitania and the inhumane destruction of the Ancona? What will it say about the shipment of munitions and the alleged destruction by Teutonic agencies of munition plants in the United States? Will it approve of the recognition of Carranza and the efforts of the Administration to protect American interests in Mexico by a policy of watchful waiting? What attitude will the followers of Mr. Bryan in Congress take towards the Administration?

Congress is generally a law unto itself, and it is both out of place and useless to prophesy what is going to happen at the

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Capitol during the coming winter. It is, however, beyond question that the session will be one of great debates, serious difference of opinion, and perhaps radical action. We wish there were ground for hoping that the first act after organization would be the passage of a joint resolution reading something like this: "The Senate and House in joint session assembled respectfully ask the President to lay before Congress a statement of what he has done about the sinking of the Lusitania and the death thereon of innocent American men, women, and children. The President is also respectfully requested to inform Congress what promises of reparation the German Government has made and what grounds of hope he has for expecting a reparation that will be satisfactory to the self-respect of the American people." If Congress passed such a resolution and then adjourned for three days to give the President and the State Department ample time for reply, it would, we believe, have behind it the loyal support of ninety-nine one hundredths of the people of the United States.

A GOVERNOR UNDER FIRE

Last week we reported an act of lawlessness by a city against an agitator in the story of the exclusion, by an ununiformed police captain and without any kind of legal procedure, of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn from a public meeting which she had every legal right to enter. This week we report a lawless persecution of a Governor by agitators. As strongly in the one case as in the other is the lesson of respect for law involved.

Governor Spry, of Utah, refused to pardon a convicted murderer, a man named Hillstrom, also known as "Joe Hill, the Hobo Poet," and, in accordance with the law of Utah, which gave him the choice between hanging and shooting, Hillstrom was shot to death. Of his guilt there can be little, if any, doubt; the jury found sufficient evidence that he and another man, both masked, dastardly attacked and killed J. G. Morrison, a grocer, and Morrison's young son. Hillstrom's only defense was the unsupported assertion that he spent the night in company with a woman whose name he was bound by honor to conceal. He said that in a quarrel which ensued he received the wound which led to his arrest as the assassin of Morrison. The motive for the crime alleged was the hatred of Hillstrom for Morrison because the latter had previously, as a policeman, acted brutally in his treatment of members of the Industrial Workers of the World, to which Hillstrom belonged. In a measure the murder was a class-hatred crime, but none the less a crime.

The pressure brought to bear upon Governor Spry was extraordinary. Because Hillstrom was a Swede the many Swedes in Utah were stirred. Because he was a member of the International Workers of the World that association was all but wild with rage. Because Hillstrom was not a Mormon, it was charged that the Mormon Church was persecuting him. Because of influence brought by the Swedish Minister, President Wilson twice, at a considerable interval, telegraphed an expression of his hope of clemency—the second time most unadvisedly, we think, because he alleged no real reason for his action, and Governor Spry's reply was crushingly convincing. The Governor and the Board of Pardons stood firm, even although at the very last moment Hillstrom's counsel declared they had found a new and vital witness whose name, it turned out, was unknown to Hillstrom, and whose very existence is doubtful. Letters and offers to testify poured in, but, although the Governor offered large rewards for genuine evidence to clear Hillstrom, none appeared.

So the convicted murderer was executed; and before and after the execution the honest, conscientious Governor of Utah, William Spry, who did his plain duty, has been abused, threatened, and openly told that he must leave the State. A correspondent of The Outlook in Utah thus describes what he saw when he visited Governor Spry on November 12, just a week before Hillstrom was executed:

"On the table beside us lay a pile of letters demanding, under penalty of death for himself and his family and the destruction of the city, that, regardless of facts or evidence, he should pardon a convicted murderer, sentenced to pay the fixed and proper penalty of the law; letters so vile, so pernicious, that one or two alone would stir one's blood; but there are not 'one or two,' but fifteen thousand. Three extracts are enough to show their character: 'After Joe is executed, all the people of means will suffer;' 'You may consider that on November 18 at midnight, if you have not commuted the sentence of J. H., you will be executed;' and one terse one—'BIG.BILL. SPRY. KEEP. YOUR. EYE. ON. THE.THREE.STORY. WINDOWS. THAT IS WHERE SHOT WILL COME

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FROM THAT WILL SEND YOU TO HELL.' Letters were there from higher sources, yet all severely critical; as one from one of the biggest newspapers of the East, saying: 'You, sir, would serve your State best at this time by assuring the country that it is safe for any man to enter its borders. Public opinion is growing fast against you and your courts.' Piled beside these were petitions from churches, Socialist locals, labor organizations, women, all demanding clemency. On the trains winding their way into the city over the rails we could see from the Capitol windows that grim, determined men were coming into town."

But William Spry stood firm, and the country honors him for his courage under fire.

MR. OSBORNE AND SING SING PRISON

From the tangled web of testimony concerning the management of Sing Sing Prison it is difficult for the public to form a clear idea of the real issues at stake. One reads, for instance, that in a wholly unprecedented fashion a prisoner was spirited away from Sing Sing at the instigation of a county district attorney; an act later declared by the courts to be without any sanction of the law. Again, readers of the newspapers are told that other prisoners, temporarily released from prison to serve as witnesses for the county authorities who have taken it upon themselves to investigate the affairs of the prison, added something to the general knowledge that the walls of Sing Sing do not harbor a regiment of plaster saints. Of the relation of such stories to the fundamental problem, to the fight between the newer and older penology, to the reformation Warden Osborne has worked out in the management of prison industries, or to the constant hostility against which he has had to contend (a hostility deep-seated in the political, bureaucratic, and financial selfishness of his opponents), little, however, reaches public attention.

To defend Warden Osborne is by no means to claim that he has completed a reorganization of prison affairs without blundering in any particular; nor is it to claim that in the brief months which he has had at Sing Sing he has done more than make a beginning of the journey towards the goal of a just and humane prison administration. Any visitor, however, who has had the privilege of even a day in the prison under Warden Osborne's control can find convincing testimony as to the tremendous moral advance which has already been made over the conditions that existed under previous administrations.

In preference to giving a more detailed discussion of the problems that confront Warden Osborne and the advance which he has made, we publish here part of a letter from a convict who knows both the new and the old régime:

When I came here, I was crushed in spirit, broken in body, and full of bitterness against everybody, same as most of the men who came here. The rules of this Prison were very strictly and unhuman. In the shoe shop where I worked were three keepers, but the days could not be passed without fighting with knives or other instrument and sometimes the fights were very bloody. We worked very little and we did not work well and sometime we wasted raw material and damaged the state property, because the rage and the bitterness was so great in the man's heart against the prison officials and against the society who sent us here with long sentences, that we could not fight against our own feelings.

Every day at four o'clock we were locked up and we have only a few slices of bread and tea for supper. The cells were damp and musty without air and so in the summer it was hot, in winter it was too cold and suffered much. Holidays and Sundays were the worst, locked up twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when we came out the next morning every one of us were nearly crazy, unsound in mind by the different kind of drugs that we used on them days. In these days happened the biggest trouble in the shops and all over the prison. . . . We were punished sometime without examination on the untruthful reports of the keepers. The punishment consisted being put into the dark or light cell without bed, two slices of bread and water daily. We slept on the stone floor. When we came out again, we was not a bit better but good deal worst, sick, disordered in mind, full with vindictiveness and we longed for revenge. There were very few men who was not punished under the old system.

UNDER THE NEW RÉGIME

This is what this convict writer has to say of the change that came over the prison with the advent of Mr. Osborne and the establishment of the Mutual Welfare League:

About a year ago came Mr. Osborne and with him his new system and the league. Mr. Osborne understood our condition, our situation in the prison and outside the institution. He trusted and treated like a father would treat his sick children and we wondered from his goodness.

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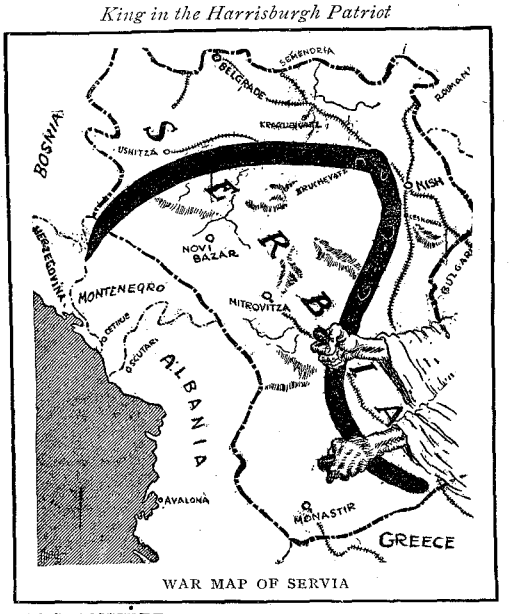
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

THE BALKAN QUESTION

King in the Harrisburgh Patriot



WAR MAP OF SERVIA

A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER

From Punch (London)

Dear Old Lady (with strict ideas of war economy, to her nephew, who has just been promoted from the ranks and has donned officer's uniform for the first time); "Well, you do look nice, Reggie, dear; but don't you think you might wear out your old uniform first and keep this one for Sundays?"

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF MILITARY ECONOMY

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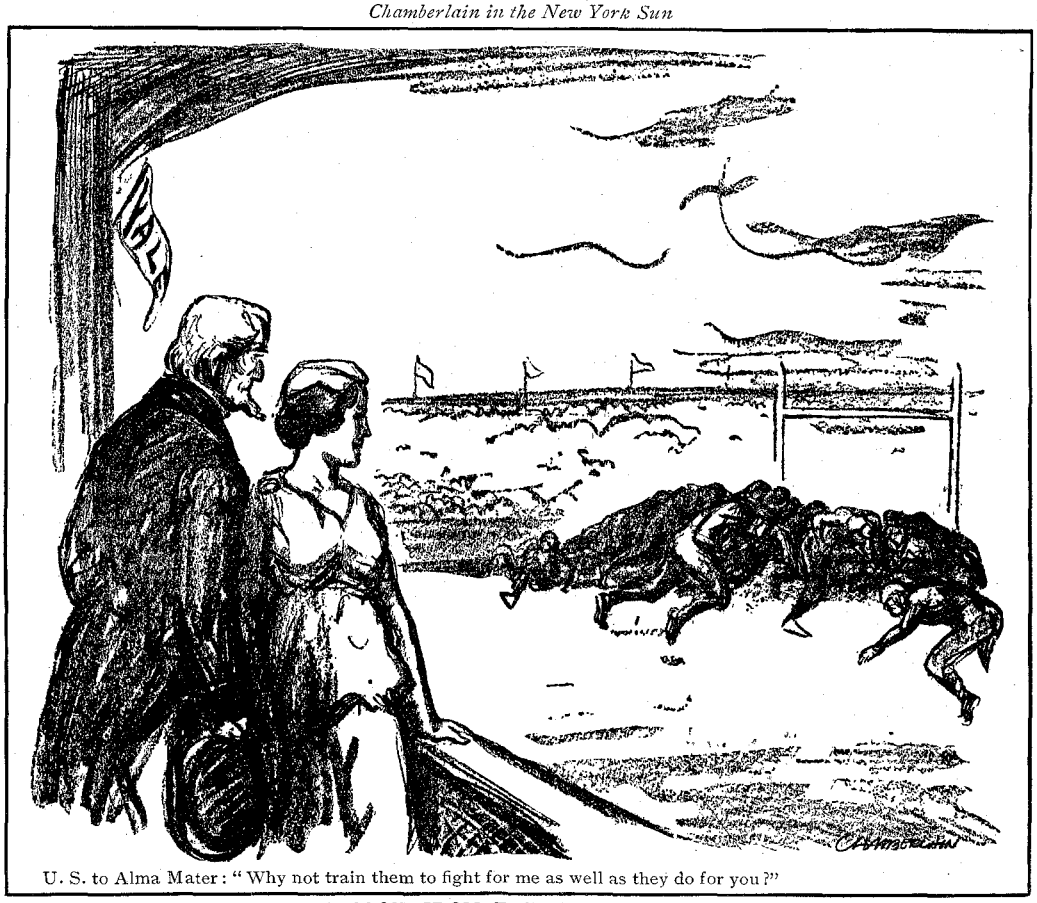
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

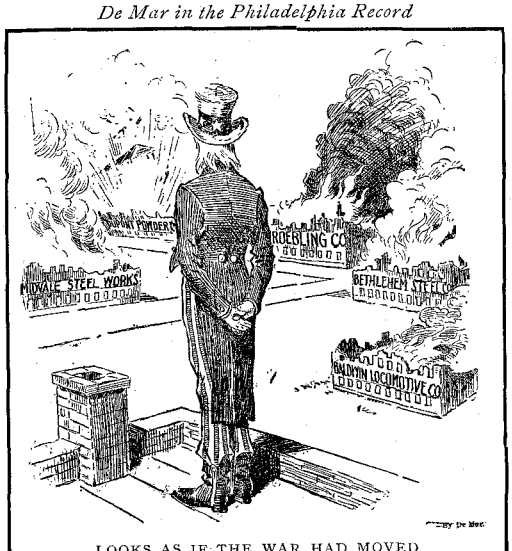
Chamberlain in the New York Sun



U. S. to Alma Mater: "Why not train them to fight for me as well as they do for you?"

A LESSON FROM THE FOOTBALL FIELD

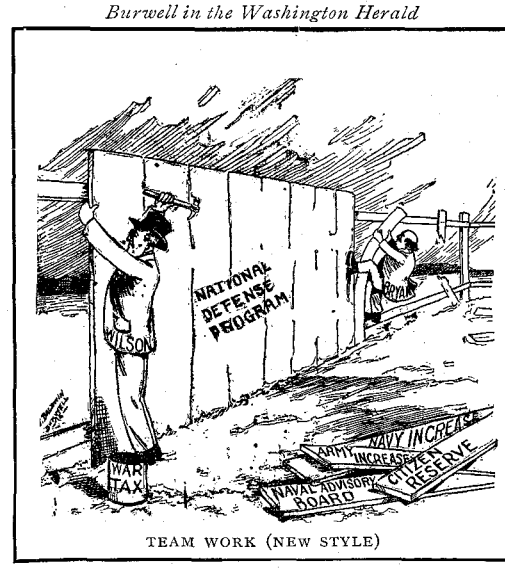
De Mar in the Philadelphia Record



LOOKS AS IF THE WAR HAD MOVED

"NO NEWS ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—
BUT OUR FACTORIES ARE BURNED

Burwell in the Washington Herald



TEAM WORK (NEW STYLE)

WORKING AT CROSS-PURPOSES AS TO
NATIONAL DEFENSE

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He presented us with his confidence and founded our faithful friend the M. W. L. a new epoch is started with the league. It is a body of prison self-government. The shops are represented by delegates according to the number of inmates working in each shops. The league has his own constitution and governed by nine members of the executive boards, elected among the delegates. They made the rules and consult in every thing with the warden. The rules are carried out by the seargant at arms and his deputies. The executive board make the necessary rules and improvements, what the members of the league need, recommend it to the warden and with his consent become the rules of the league.

The new system of the League made a great change all over the prison. We do not use drugs any more. Our excited temper became calme and so in the shoe shop in this year not was a single fight and only a very few happened in the other shops. Now every body willing to work and we do our work with care and winningly. Everybody is content with the situation, work with pleasure and this way we produced fifty per cent more shoes than the other year. The discipline, the order in the shops and among the inmates are wonderful, and so we do not need three guards in the shoe shop any more. We march under the care of our delegates and seargant at arms and we have no keeper in the mess-hall.

In the different kind of schools we make up our defective study, and every evening we have very interesting and sometime joyfully time, when we forget our past and we think only for the better future. We do not plan any more sin that we intended to commite when we left this place. But our ambition now to learn what we have neglected. The league set our mind in the right direction and not only showed the way to the honest life but gave us a helpful hand in everytime. We do not dream revenges, but we work steady, and teach ourselves to do good and so we are going to show the people our real character. Our self-feeling became again under the league treatment.

It seems to us that this convict has stated more clearly than any investigating committee could have done the real issue at Sing Sing.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN NEW YORK

New York is frequently regarded as one of the most backward States in its handling of the liquor problem. Its liquor law, designed chiefly as a revenue measure, provides small opportunity for the citizens of the State to vote whether or not they desire to permit the sale of intoxicating beverages. Under the Raines Law only the citizens of townships are permitted to vote on the question at all. The citizens of municipalities are wholly disfranchised in this regard.

It is somewhat of a surprise, therefore, to hear that the Anti-Saloon League claims that the greatest proportionate gain made by the temperance movement in any State in the country during the past year was made in New York. Facts, however, furnish excellent grounds for the acceptance of this statement as true.

The gain made was threefold in character: in no-license territory and increased temperance representation both in the State Legislature and in the National Congress. Last year the Anti-Saloon League reported the election of thirty Assemblymen pledged to the passage of its Optional Prohibition Referendum Bill, a measure commended at the time of its introduction in the Assembly by The Outlook. Last year this bill received fifty-three votes. This year the Anti-Saloon League reports the election of forty-four members of the Assembly pledged to the support of this bill. It is expected that the vote in the Assembly will again show a marked increase over the number pledged to its support in advance.

There were five Congressional vacancies to be filled in the entire country at the last election. Three of these were in New York. The retiring Congressmen holding these positions were all regarded as "wet." Their places have been filled by three men who will support the submission of the National Prohibition Amendment to the States. Another notable victory for the Anti-Saloon League was the defeat of Mr. Charles H. Betts for a Republican nomination for Congress in the pre-election campaign.

Coming back to the question of voting in townships which are permitted to have a voice on the liquor question, a still greater advance is recorded. The latest reports which are furnished by the Excise Department and the Anti-Saloon League show that during the past year there has been a net gain of 78 totally dry towns. Including those which provide for liquor sold only on a physician's prescription, the total is 91. Only six towns previously dry voted during the past year to return to the open sale of liquor. More than half the townships of New York State are now legally dry, including 26 which permit the sale of liquor at drug-stores on a physician's prescription.

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The drys have control of 511 townships out of a total of 932.

The Anti-Saloon League is, however, not satisfied with this excellent showing, a showing which in a large measure has been due to the organized efficiency of its campaign. The League again reiterated its hostility towards Mr. William Barnes, and its intention of forcing him out of the political limelight of New York. This is a large order, but even larger orders have been filled when sufficient effort has been applied to the task. In a recent public statement Mr. Anderson, the Superintendent of the League in New York State, voiced the determination of his organization as follows:

> The New York Republican organization has a chance to save the party Nationally from embarrassment and to prove its good faith at home by hanging up a sign, "This Place Has Changed Hands." If New York Republicanism lacks the intelligence and character to do this, then the party Nationally must protect itself by suppressing Mr. Barnes unless it wants to antagonize that great body of decent party members who feel that it is past time to divorce party management from liquor traffic.

Mr. Anderson had a remarkable record as a leader of the Anti-Saloon League forces in Maryland and Illinois before he came to New York. His political opponents are the first to admit that he has the courage of his convictions.

LESCHETIZKY

It is as the man who taught Paderewski that Theodore Leschetizky (or, as spelled in the Polish fashion, Leszetycki) can perhaps be best identified. He died, at the age of eighty-five, a few days ago. Not since the day of Czerny, whose pupil he was, has there been any name to compare with that of this son of Poland as a teacher of the piano. Among his pupils, besides Paderewski, are to be counted, not only such pianists as Sieveking, Hopekirke, and Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, whose reputation has been long established, but such younger artists as Mark Hambourg and Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

Of him Paderewski has said in a recent interview printed in the New York "Times" that, while "Liszt and Rubinstein represented the summit of achievement at the time" as virtuosos, "and while their influence on the public was unlimited, their influence in forming a tradition to be carried on by pupils could not be compared to that of Leschetizky," and that "the essence of Leschetizky's instruction was that every one of his pupils had to play musically," so that he was not merely a teacher of skill and amazing technique, but that he was a teacher who most wished "to have the lyric side of the art in the place of most emphasis." Countess Potocka, Leschetizky's sister-in-law, and his biographer, says in her book about him: "He once remarked to me that the pianist's art is akin to the actor's: the piano should be used declamatorily; the pianist must speak." These two bits of testimony agree at least in this one respect, that Leschetizky laid stress on the musical substance rather than the technical form.

Like many other artists, Leschetizky was a man of moods. His sister-in-law says that one of the duties of her sister, his wife, was to stand between him and his pupils; for those who fell out of favor had recourse to her for protection and for the renewing of their hopes. Perhaps Leschetizky's uncertainty of temper may be accounted for by the treatment he received from his father. In Countess Potocka's gossipy book it is recorded that Josef Leschetizky would punish the small boy Theodore for the most trifling offenses, and then, if a visitor happened to call, would, in his pride at his son's talents, go in search of him, and, finding him vindictively retrospective, drag him from his hiding-place and cajole him into better humor. When the boy was in the mood for composition, the father would decry his efforts, suggesting that he had better use his energy where there was more hope for return; and if the boy was especially diligent in practicing, his father would exclaim: "That's what one comes to when there are no brains! You play and play, and forget that without composition you will never be an artist."

Theodore Leschetizky was born and brought up in a region that has become one of the great battlefields of the present war. There, at his birthplace, near Lemberg, he heard the legends and folk-songs of the Polish people, with their romance, their tales of valor, their gruesome tragedies. He was a boy prodigy. His first public appearance as a pianist was at the age of nine. His career brought him into contact with many musicians of note—Liszt, of course, and Czerny, and Donizetti, Gounod, Rubinstein, and Carl Goldmark, among others—and took him into the courts of grand dukes and emperors. His first appearance at the Russian

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Court afforded an illustration of his independence, for when he found that the piano was a bad one, he told the harbinger of the royal household that he simply wouldn't use it, and left Peterhof for St. Petersburg, and the royal household had to get along without him. The next time he was invited he was given the privilege of choosing his own pianoforte before he came.

His sister-in-law's book is full of anecdotes of his rather varied career, which included two divorces for incompatibility. As an illustration of his prodigious memory, she tells of his playing a Rubinstein trio with a violinist and a cellist at St. Petersburg; then, without restudying it, fifteen years later performing it with another violinist and cellist at Vienna; and again, without even looking over the notes, twenty years later, with a still different pair of companions.

Leschetizky was incidentally an opera composer. He will be remembered, not for any music that he has written, but for the great pianists he has taught and for his great contribution to the development of piano-playing.

SOLOMON SCHECHTER

A great Jewish scholar has died—Solomon Schechter. He was a Rumanian. When he had outstripped the intellectual requirements of his native village, he went to the Universities of Vienna and Berlin, and in 1883 to England, where he remained twenty years. He became Reader of Rabbinics in the University of Cambridge. In 1902 he became President of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. He died in his sixty-ninth year.

While he was at the University of Cambridge Dr. Schechter made a notable discovery. Some mutilated manuscripts had been offered for sale, and he was asked to identify them. He identified one of the pieces of parchment as a page from the long-lost Hebrew original of "The Wisdom of Jesus, Son of Sirach" (the Ecclesiasticus of the Bible Apocrypha). The author calls himself "Jesus the Son of Sirach the Jerusalemite." The leakage of these manuscripts was traced to the geniza, the "lumber-room" or hiding-place for old books and manuscripts adjoining the Synagogue at Cairo. This led to Dr. Schechter's recovery of the immensely rich contents of the geniza, where were found, not only a large part of Sirach, but many other fragments of manuscripts of great interest and importance, to the identification and study of which he made large contribution. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these were the "Documents of Jewish Sectaries," revealing, as they did, the teachings of a little-known Jewish sect in the region of Damascus about the beginning of the Christian era.

Besides these more distinctly learned labors, interest in which is naturally confined to a small circle of scholars, Dr. Schechter published many articles of a more general or popular character, which are collected in the two series on "Studies in Judaism," and his "Aspects of Rabbinic Theology." In a letter to The Outlook, one of the most distinguished of Christian Biblical scholars, Professor George Foot Moore, of Harvard University, says of these writings and their author:

> They display not only a rare wealth of learning, but a sympathetic insight into widely diverse minds and modes of thought. "The Aspects of Rabbinic Theology," in particular, is a work for which all students of the New Testament in relation to the Jewish environment of early Christianity owe a large debt of gratitude.
>
> Dr. Schechter was a scholar of a kind that is, I fear, rapidly becoming obsolete. His was not the modern art of research, which consists in pursuing a subject from catalogue to catalogue and from index to index. He read voluminously and attentively and thoughtfully, and he had his knowledge at his command. Many of his friends have regretted that he did not publish more, and had hoped that some day we should have from him a larger and more comprehensive work on Judaism, such as he was better qualified than any of his contemporaries to give us. He would have published more if he had been less thorough and less conscientious in his work.

His knowledge and judgment were always at the service of those who turned to him for information and advice, which were given with the unfailing kindness that was in the character of the man. His death is therefore not only a great loss to learning; it will be felt by many as a personal loss.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON

With the exception of the games between Cornell and Pennsylvania and between the Army and the Navy, the football season came to a practical conclusion on November 20. In the Middle West the Collegiate Conference football terminated with a tie in championship honors between Illinois and Minnesota; neither team was defeated during the season's progress, though Illinois was tied by

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Ohio State and Minnesota was tied by Urbana. Confronting each other, Illinois and Minnesota waged a drawn battle resulting in a score of 6 to 6. Nebraska has also an equal claim to high rank in the West. In the Far West the Oregon Agricultural College broke the record of an all-but-triumphant season, with but one defeat at the hands of the State University. In the course of their schedule the Oregon "aggies" registered a defeat of the powerful team representing the Michigan Agricultural College.

It was in the East, perhaps, that the most interesting developments in the football world occurred. Not a single team of the old-time "Big Three" survived with a clean record throughout the season. Indeed, under new football and the growth of modern systems of coaching such a result is hardly to be expected except under the most unusual circumstances. Yale, undergoing her second year of training at the hands of Coach Hinkey, with the exception of the victory over Princeton, experienced the bitterest season in her history. Beaten by Virginia, Washington and Jefferson, Colgate, Brown, and Harvard, she lost five out of the nine games on her schedule. More points were scored against Yale than she made herself. Princeton, with a new coach, succeeded in winning every game except the two upon which she most strongly set her heart. The defeat by Harvard in a close game hurt less, perhaps, than the defeat by Yale in a game which Princeton had every expectation of winning. Yale, apparently galvanized into life by the stimulus received from the addition of Shevlin to her coaching staff a short while before the game with Princeton, succeeded in beating her ancient rival from New Jersey by the score of 13 to 7. However, the berserker fury which was injected into the Yale eleven for the Princeton game cooled rapidly a week later under the mechanical and mental perfection of the finished product of Haughton's coaching. Harvard, slow to develop, reached her climax in the games with Princeton and Yale. The ease with which the Cambridge eleven outplayed the New Haven team at every point really served to detract from rather than enhance the fame of Harvard football this present year. The combination of an offense so deceptive that again and again the Yale eleven failed absolutely in following the ball, and a defense which, except on two occasions, never permitted the Yale team within scoring distance of the goal line, made the score of 41 to 0 (the greatest ever registered against Yale), look almost like a simple and easy achievement. The rout of the New Haven forces in the Cambridge stadium makes inevitable another drastic revision of the Yale coaching system. In the days since football rivalry between Harvard and Yale began Yale has won twenty-three games and Harvard nine. Harvard therefore has a long way to go before the account is balanced. But if her scores continue to mount as they have in the past three years, she will soon be well on her way towards evening up past history.

In the East, on comparative scores, the palm is by general consent awarded to Cornell, a statement which will stand unless by the time this reaches our readers the Cornell team has suffered a defeat at the hands of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania has, however, suffered defeats at the hands of Penn State, Pittsburgh, Lafayette, and Dartmouth. She has been tied by Michigan and the Navy. Cornell, like Harvard, also seems on the high road to wipe out a record of long-continued defeat at the hands and feet of her dearest rival.

Pittsburgh, like Cornell, came through an easier schedule without loss of a game. In point of victories records of Rutgers, Syracuse, Penn State, and Washington and Jefferson were also distinctly creditable.

A DISTINGUISHED JAPANESE WRITER

Baron Ei-Ichi Shibusawa, who is now visiting this country, is one of the foremost men of affairs in Japan. The Japanese "Who's Who," after printing his name, prints as the first word of characterization, "Millionaire." But being a millionaire is not a profession with Baron Shibusawa; it is one of the incidents of his varied and adventurous career. He is in his seventy-sixth year. He early entered the service of the last Shogun; he visited Europe in 1867 as the companion of one of the princes of the Shogun's family, and he gives a very entertaining account of his appearance in Paris in the dress of a Japanese Samurai, with its elaborate hair arrangement and with two swords.

He took a position in the Treasury Department on the restoration of the Emperor and the organization of the Imperial Government in 1869, but resigned four years later because he differed with the Ministry on the question of fixing the expenditure of the Government departments. Since that day

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Baron Shibusawa has held no public office; but for many years he has been one of the foremost men of modern Japan in breadth of interest, largeness of vision, devotion to the State, and generosity. He has several times declined the position of Minister of Finance. He founded the first National Bank of Japan, organized the first commercial training institution, inaugurated the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, and was for many years its chairman.

In the business world of Japan he is the dominant figure; but his interpretation of the word "business" includes every form of activity for the benefit of the public. He has been associated with almost numberless charitable and altruistic enterprises; and, above all, in season and out of season, he has been urging upon the Japanese people the necessity of keeping friends with the United States. "We can never forget," he has said, "that it was the United States that awoke us to our condition, enabling us to enter into commerce and communication with the world." His present visit is the third he has made, and he has been received at all points with the cordiality and respect to which his eminently honorable and useful life entitle him. Baron Shibusawa is greatly interested in religious and ethical questions, and is very familiar with the teachings of Confucius and of the Bible. It is said that he always carries with him on his journeys a copy of the Bible and of the Rongo, one of the most important of the Confucian texts. He is President of the Concordia Association, which aims to secure a better understanding between men of different religious faiths, and of which a number of distinguished Americans are members.

STRICKEN MEXICO

An interesting and significant, although not in itself an important, side-light on Mexico's wretched condition was furnished the other day by the receipt in The Outlook's office of a sonnet from Mexico, which we print below. The author is an American living in Mexico, who sent the poem to a friend living in Colorado, and the latter, in sending the poem to The Outlook, writes: "On account of his personal safety and business interests I am obliged to withhold his name and my own, as his identity could be traced by letters addressed to me." To such a pass has the safety of Americans in Mexico come! The writer of the sonnet, our correspondent adds, "has put into verse what your editorials have so frequently emphasized," and a word of special approval for the recent articles by Mr. Edward I. Bell in The Outlook is included. Here follows the sonnet; a sprig of the flower called "Corazón de Maria" (Heart of Mary) was fastened to the poem:

CORAZÓN DE MARIA

Go, little flower, I bid thee now farewell!
Go buffet wintry wave and drifting snow;
Climb Colorado's icy heights and tell
The moving tale of mangled Mexico.
Crushed are thy coral petals as they go,
Forsaking scenes of loot and earthly hell,
Where murder stalks abroad to lay us low,
And seething hate and lust and pillage fell
Lay waste the countryside from shore to shore.
Crushed are thy petals, crushed thy waxen leaves;
Fit emblem of the ruin which bereaves
This stricken country, doomed to rise no more
Till other peoples take her case in hand
And foreign soldiers come to cleanse the land.

Mexico, November 6, 1915.

GERMANY'S LESSON TO AMERICA

The "Engineering Magazine" has been publishing an interesting series of articles by a Belgian engineer on the problems of securing foreign trade for this country. The author is Mr. Frédéric Screibman, a graduate of the University of Liège. In his discussion of the subject he describes some of the methods by which Germany has captured the world's export field.

Chief among these is the question of language. Germans spare no pains in learning the language of the country with which they expect to carry on business. It facilitates the introduction of products as does nothing else. They will not, then, have to rely upon strangers' faithfulness for a knowledge of laws and customs; the markets and the needs of the country can be more easily and reliably studied, and the conditions arising between seller and purchaser more easily understood.

Secondly, German manufacturers pay more attention than do other manufacturers to making up their catalogues. These are printed in several different languages even if they are to be used in one country only; for often in the same plant are men of different nationalities; furthermore, the same catalogues are applicable to several countries, and their utility is thus enhanced. The catalogues are as attractively printed as possible and are conveniently sized so as to fit the pocket for ready reference. They also contain suggestions of permanent value in the

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trade which they foster. Thus the catalogue becomes in a way an indispensable handbook. It is not astonishing, therefore, that any firm having such a catalogue gives preference to the manufacturer who produces it.

Again, German banks are so managed as to give information and pecuniary assistance to any firm capable of carrying on any foreign industry, as well as to aid German exporters in giving long credit to purchasers.

Finally, by commercial treaties, Germany has obtained marked preferences and rights in both importation and exportation.

These are some of the methods which have made German success. Have Americans the ability and determination similarly to obtain foreign trade?

NOT A PARTY ISSUE

For over two years this Nation has flagrantly failed in the primary duty of government—the protection of persons and property. The property of American citizens has been destroyed, American men have been killed and American women violated by Mexican bandits, and the only protection afforded by this Government has been an offer to furnish our helpless citizens transportation if they wished to abandon their homes, their property, and their employees, and flee the country. American men, women, and children have been piratically murdered on the high seas by Germany and by Austria, and the only protection afforded by our Government has been verbal protests, and a suggestion that they keep off the high seas or travel in American ships if they can find such to travel in. American property has been destroyed in Turkey, Armenian girls have been taken from American schools and sold into white slavery, and Armenian men, in some cases professors in those schools, have been assassinated or driven into exile, and not even the poor protection of a protest has been afforded them. The treaty between Germany and America (to which others were also signatory) protecting Belgium's neutrality has been treated as a scrap of paper, and America has acquiesced without a murmur.

The only defense possible for this neglect of our National duty has been our National weakness. We were great in territory, population, and wealth, but not in strength. We had adipose tissue, but no muscle. Our Executive used nothing but words, because the Nation had given him nothing which he could use.

The tragedy of the past two years has convinced many Americans of our neglected duty—the President among others. Following the counsel of his wise and courageous Secretary of War, he has now called on the Nation to use a part of its superfluous wealth in equipping itself to perform its self-evident duty. His call is not that of a party leader to his party, but that of the President of the Nation to the Nation, and the Nation should respond.

We clip from the letter of a Washington correspondent in a New York daily the following paragraph, attributed to the Hon. James R. Mann, the Republican leader in the House, adding that Mr. Mann had been invited by the President to attend a conference at the White House on the subject of preparedness against war:

> I am willing to consult with the President on preparedness, but I will not go to the White House to be informed of the programme which I am expected to support. . . . I have my own ideas on this subject, and I do not propose to take orders from the President.

Perhaps Mr. Mann did not say this. Perhaps he said it, but not for publication. Perhaps it was the mere impatient expression of a Congressman who thought that the President had been giving too many orders to Congressmen. We quote the paragraph not to call Mr. Mann to account, but to illustrate in a concrete way what not to do.

Preparedness against war should not be made a party issue. True, it may become such an issue. There are men who desire to see this Government continue to neglect its primary duty, and who think, or at least assert, that those who differ with them are either temperamentally jingoes or else the paid or unpaid agents of the manufacturers of munitions. If these bellicose pacifists are not the mere insignificant minority which we think them to be, if they are numerous enough to organize a party for the purpose of keeping this Nation recreant, they will raise an issue which must be met. If those who believe in preparedness against war cannot agree on the question whether we can and ought to depend on volunteers or ought to have compulsory military service, as in the democracies of Switzerland, Argentina, and Australia, this issue may have to be left to the determination of the people at the next election. But it should not be so left

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until an attempt has been made by those who believe in preparedness to come to an agreement upon the method of preparedness to be pursued.

It is true that the President has not taken the best course to secure such non-partisan action. To define the Democratic policy and then expect the Republican party to come to its support is not the course which should have commended itself to so shrewd a politician as President Wilson. But it is not too late for the President now to urge Congress to appoint a National Defense Commission containing some representatives of the army and navy, some representatives of each of the great parties, and some civilians who are not politicians, to take up this question and submit to Congress a truly National programme. It is not too late for some member of Congress, Democrat or Republican, to propose this plan in the House or the Senate. By this method all who believe that a great and rich nation should also be a strong nation, and should protect the weak from the aggressions of the powerful who are also unscrupulous, and the innocent from the violence of criminals whether individual or national, would be able to unite in an endeavor to atone for our neglect of duty in the past by the performance of our duty in the future. For this purpose the political leaders of the Nation should seek to unite all the citizens of the Nation, not merely the members of a party. This accomplished, and a policy of preparedness defined and determined on, the appeal may very well be made to the people next fall to decide to what party it will intrust the duty of efficiently carrying into execution this high National resolve.

EMPEROR AND PEOPLE

After an interval of forty-seven years the elaborate and picturesque ceremonials attending the recent enthronement of the Emperor of Japan were almost as novel to the Japanese as to the foreigners who were fortunate enough to see them. They recalled in a minute and pictorial way the long history of the Imperial power and the significance of the Emperor not only as a person but as an institution. For in Japan the Emperor stands for something more ancient than any dynasty in the Western world; more deeply inwrought into the national life and thought. When Okubo urged the late Emperor, who died in July three years ago, to acquaint himself personally with the affairs of the Government, to rule as well as to reign, and to emerge from his seclusion, he was a revolutionist.

For nearly eight hundred years the Japanese people had never seen their Emperor. He had become almost a sentiment. By a series of skillful political devices, by a scrupulous observance of the forms of obedience and reverence, the Shoguns had made themselves the actual rulers of Japan; and the Japanese thought of the Shogun at Tokyo, or Yedo, as it was formerly called, as the potential and effective head of the nation; they thought of the Emperor, hidden in his magnificent seclusion in Kyoto, as a semi-divine person descended from a goddess, the head of a family which had always ruled and must always rule, invested with a divinity which lifted him above contact with actual affairs.

The opening of the doors of Japan by Commodore Perry did not, as many Americans appear to suppose, bring about the revolution. It did not dethrone the Shogun and enthrone the Emperor. For more than a century a growing intimacy with the traditions of their past history, and especially of the ancient power of the Emperor, had made Japanese scholars aware of the usurpation which had driven the Emperor into retirement. Sooner or later the Emperor would have come to his own; but the opening of the country and the dramatic events which followed hastened a change which would otherwise have come by evolution.

It is said that when the late Emperor, Mutsuhito, first appeared in public he passed through streets thronged with people who did not look at him, and at whom he did not look. He rode with his head bent forward; they stood in silence with their faces downward, aware of his presence but still under the spell of centuries of training. To-day the young Emperor rides about the streets and his subjects look upon him, not without awe, but without fear. The Emperor who preceded him was a great statesman. A Japanese of the old order in his personal tastes, he had both the insight and the courage to recognize the new order of things, and, instead of resisting, not only to accept but to lead; and so it has happened that in half a century the Japanese have gone to school in every country in the world which had anything to teach them. They have utilized modern industrial and scientific

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methods; they have reorganized in important ways their government, their educational systems, their army and navy; they have created a financial system and have brought their country into working relations with the West.

This great ruler did not wait to have a Constitution exacted from him; he voluntarily promised to give his people a Constitution; and after ten years' study of foreign institutions and Japanese needs and conditions, Prince Ito drafted the Constitution which the Emperor formally proclaimed of his own accord, and which he pledged himself and his descendants to maintain and support. Under that Constitution the people of Japan were recognized as having a share in the government; and at the coronation, three weeks ago, for the first time in the history of the nation, not only foreigners but the representatives of the people were present; and when the Emperor had taken the three sacred symbols—the sword, the mirror, and the jewel—and proclaimed himself Emperor, the whole people were represented in the sudden and tremendous storm of "Banzais" which burst from the spectators. The address to the throne was made by a Premier who has long been the most popular man in Japan and the leader of the democratic movement in that country. Four of the group of Elder Statesmen are still living; they are all old men, and they may not have successors, for their work is largely done. The Premier is still technically responsible to the Emperor, but he is actually responsible to the Diet; and it was a revolutionary movement in the history of Japan when about three years ago Prince Katsura resigned the Premiership in response, not to the request of his Imperial master, but to the sentiment of the people of the nation.

The young Emperor, Yoshihito, is thirty-six years old. He was a delicate youth and has spent a great deal of his time in the country. His education has been modern; he is said to be greatly interested in foreign methods, life, and arts, and it is believed that he was very eager to visit Europe and America. He became the ruler of Japan on the 30th day of July, three years ago. It is too soon to estimate his ability, but reports indicate that he has rapidly familiarized himself with the affairs of the state. It is known that his life is most exemplary, that he is a man of high principle and generous aims, and is in sympathy with the modern development of the country. The fact that he is the one hundred and twenty-second Emperor of the same dynasty impresses the imagination. Compared with that dynasty all the imperial and royal families of Europe are parvenus. Two things have made this long succession possible—the Japanese habit of adoption when a son or direct heir fails, and the profound reverence in which the Japanese have held a position in which is the real headship of the unbroken Japanese family.

The probabilities are that Japan will develop along the lines of a constitutional monarchy; that the popular voice will have expression through the Diet and will have increasing authority in shaping the policies of the nation; that the Emperor, like the King of England, will hold his station and authority above the struggle of politics, and will represent the antiquity and unity of the Japanese state.

With the Emperor's Government the Government of the United States has been on terms of unbroken friendship. Commodore Perry was fortunately not only a man of firmness but of great good sense and courtesy; Townsend Harris, the first American diplomatic representative in Japan, understood the people to whom he was sent, rose above race prejudices, and drew the first treaty which the Japanese made with a foreign Power with such fairness that all Japan holds him in profound respect and regard. "From that day until this," Prince Katsura, the Premier who died two years ago, said to an American, "there has always been sunshine between Washington and Tokyo, though you have had some local thunderstorms in your country." Japan has never violated a single provision of any treaty with this country; it has never been guilty of any act of discourtesy; there is no question at issue between Tokyo and Washington that cannot be settled with perfect regard for the rights of both countries without any departure from the friendliness which has marked their international relations. All these matters belong to Washington, not to State capitals; they must be adjusted by diplomacy. Between the President of the United States and the new Emperor, as between the older Presidents, beginning with Fillmore, and the older Emperor, there ought to be perfect accord; and there will be unless yellow newspapers and yellow agitators waste the capital of friendship laid up in Japan and create discord by lack of imagination, lack of manners, and lack of the sense of justice.

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BOOKER WASHINGTON—THE NEIGHBORS' VIEW

ALMOST with the announcement of Booker Washington's death on Sunday, November 14, the colored folk began gathering for the funeral. When the day of the funeral arrived, Wednesday, this steady stream was augmented by other currents: hundreds of sorrowing colored people in all sorts of conveyances—automobiles, trim buggies and surreys, mule carts, and two-horse wagons—and still others walking, all going up to do homage to their leader.

And with these streams of colored folk there was an outpouring of white people: friends from New England, New York, and the Central West; neighbors from everywhere in Alabama—educators, editors, lawyers, judges, ministers of the Gospel, farmers of the countryside, and citizens of Tuskegee, Birmingham, and Montgomery.

So before the statuesque guard of honor composed of youthful students in the regulation uniform of the school the people passed—a judge of the Court; an old mammy with turbaned head, walking with unsteady gait; a bishop of a colored Church; awkward colored youth carrying their horsewhips; elegant ladies from Montgomery or Tuskegee. White and black, they came to Tuskegee to pay their tribute of honor to Booker Washington.

Was there ever, asks the correspondent who sends us this description, such an occasion before in the State of Alabama? Impressive and significant as was the fact that the death of this man brought people of eminence from many distant places to Tuskegee; impressive as were the number and character of the messages of praise, respect, and affection which were sent; impressive as was the honor paid him by the plain colored folk—most impressive of all was the response evoked by his death from Booker Washington's Southern white neighbors.

A friend of The Outlook's who lives near both Tuskegee and Montgomery, Alabama, has sent us cuttings from the Montgomery papers which show in what high regard this Negro leader was held by his white neighbors. No communities knew Booker Washington so well as Tuskegee and the neighboring towns and Montgomery, the nearest of the large cities of the State.

On its front page the Montgomery "Advertiser" for November 15 gives to its readers a sympathetic and moving account of the great Negro's last hours and of the effect of his death on the Tuskegee Institute. In this despatch from Tuskegee Institute it is recorded:

> Through the years it has been the ideal of organization and efficiency here that nothing shall disturb the orderly working of all parts of the institution. . . . Mechanically bells calling the school to its duties have been rung and routine work taken up, but the heart is out of things. From the humblest pupil up through the Faculty and the bereaved family at the Institute to the white and colored citizens of the town of Tuskegee there is the feeling of personal loss. Nobody is hiding his tears. Nobody is free from gloom. Nobody can talk about the great loss which the school, the race, and the country have sustained. . . .
>
> The Sunday morning sermon by Chaplain Whittaker was in behalf of "Bleeding Armenia," because it was what the late Dr. Washington had wanted done.

And in the following despatch in its news columns the Montgomery "Advertiser" pays Booker Washington this tribute:

> In season and out, he carried the message of economic fitness for the Negro and of peace between the races. In particular, he hoped, he believed, that in the South the Negro would, at last, find his greatest opportunity; and he was to the end a friend of the South. With his passing this section and the whole country have lost a great friend.
>
> The Tuskegee educator's life was replete with many unselfish activities in behalf of his race. Possessing rare executive and constructive ability, he devoted himself with much of self-sacrifice to the upbuilding and regeneration of his race along moral, material, and educational lines. The National Negro Business League, composed of Negro business men and women, is the product of his creative genius and has come to a place of commanding influence in the life of the Negro people. . . .
>
> Washington won the sympathy and support of leading Southerners by a speech in behalf of his race at the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta in 1895. Of undoubted ability and breadth of vision, his sane leadership enabled him to accomplish more for and among the Negroes of the United States than any Negro of his time.

Concerning the funeral both the Montgomery "Advertiser" and the Montgomery

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"Journal" note in particular the simplicity of the services. The reading of the Episcopal service, according to the "Journal," was broken only by the reading of some messages of condolence, and by "the singing of old plantation songs, which Dr. Washington loved so well;" and in the fuller account on the following day this paper says that "not until Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute, a former teacher of Dr. Washington's and now the principal of the institution from which he came to Tuskegee, had offered prayer and the choir sang that plaintive Negro melody, 'Tell All My Father's Children Not to Grieve For Me,' Tuskegee broke down and wept." This paper reports eulogies from many men all over the Nation, among them perhaps the most significant messages being those from public school authorities of three Southern States—the State Superintendent of North Carolina, the State Rural School Superintendent of Tennessee, and the State Superintendent and the State Agent of Negro Rural Schools of Arkansas.

Among those who sent flowers were the Tuskegee Railroad, the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, and local organizations in Tuskegee. "The Mayor of Tuskegee," reports the Montgomery "Journal," "personally circulated a petition to the business houses to close during the hours of the funeral—and not one refused. The Mayor and the members of the City Council attended the funeral in a body."

In the concluding sentence of its account of the Negro leader's funeral this Southern paper speaks of the tribute which "the South, like the rest of the Nation," paid to "this great man."

Thus Booker Washington's faith in the white people of the South has been vindicated by his nearest neighbors. But not merely by them. From many parts of the South have come words of honor and respect for the Negro leader of leaders. The words which his death has evoked from newspapers that are of the South Southern should end forever the slander that the only Negro the South cares to praise is the servile Negro who is the complaisant hewer of wood and drawer of water. Here was a Negro who could, and did, preserve his unconscious dignity when he moved among the titled nobility of Europe; who could, and did, tell a wealthy patron who promised him a few thousands of dollars for his institution that Tuskegee Institute could not afford to have it known that it was the recipient of so small a gift from so rich a man; who was given an honorary degree by Harvard, and another—a doctorate—by Dartmouth; who made himself felt wherever he moved as a man of quiet power. This is the Negro whom representative newspapers of the South agree in honoring. As the Montgomery "Journal" says, in quoting some of them, the press of the South has eulogized Booker Washington "as no Negro in the history of the South or of the country has been eulogized."

Colonel Watterson, of the Louisville, Kentucky, "Courier-Journal," calls Booker Washington's death a "National misfortune," because "his life was a National benefaction." From Tennessee comes the opinion of the Knoxville "Sentinel" that in Booker Washington's untimely death "the South has lost one of its foremost and greatest individual forces for the constructive readjustment of our social and racial system." From Georgia comes the statement of the Atlanta "Journal" that Booker Washington's mission "was a mission in behalf of the South as well as in behalf of his own race," and that "he understood the white people as well as the Negro people." But it is from his own State of Alabama that the most significant tributes come. The three largest cities of Alabama are Birmingham, Mobile, and Montgomery. The "Ledger," of Birmingham, finds in the record of Booker Washington an occasion to claim credit for the State of Alabama. The "Item," of Mobile, assures its readers that the good work which Tuskegee Institute has accomplished "will not be permitted to halt," and that it "will stand as a monument to the ex-slave who loved the land in which he was born and the people among whom he resided." The "Journal," of Montgomery, in the editorial to which we have referred, says that Booker Washington "knew the white race. He knew it better than the white race knew him in the beginning of his remarkable career, but they learned to know him before he died, as the tributes of the Southern press clearly show." And in another editorial the Montgomery "Journal" says that "in his death the South sustains a great loss," that Booker Washington "had become one of the most remarkable figures in this country;" that "he recognized the existence of racial prejudice;" that when he and his methods and purposes were "wholly misunderstood" he never turned aside to answer his critics, but simply tried to show them that he was

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trying not to drag down the whites but to benefit the Negro race; and that to him are due "the present happy relations between the white and Negro races in the South."

The Montgomery "Advertiser" calls Booker Washington "the greatest Negro that ever lived" and "the most wholesome influence that ever fell upon the Negro race from within." And this paper continues:

> By his integrity of purpose and the rectitude of his conduct Washington early won the respect of the white people of Alabama. . . .
>
> Washington was never personally responsible for any of the criticism which on a very few occasions was aimed at him. Washington was always a Negro, but a Negro of dignity and humility.
>
> Washington had more influence among white people than any other Negro that ever lived. This is proved in the personal and financial aid which was annually bestowed upon Tuskegee Institute by wealthy white men from the East as well as aid given by the State of Alabama.

And in another editorial this same newspaper, discussing the future of Tuskegee Institute, declares: "The work will go on—of that much we may be sure." And this Southern paper, which does not hesitate to speak of restoring the Negroes' understanding of their "true relation to the dominant race," finds several reasons for calling this Negro, Booker Washington, "great."

After all, however, this newspaper opinion is but the pale reflection of the feelings of the people toward Dr. Washington. The newspaper opinion is, in part, mingled with some of the old habit of mind that makes it hard to avoid patronizing a Negro in praising him; but in the feelings of those who came for miles to honor Dr. Washington with their presence there was no place for such alloy. More significant than many editorials, more significant than any mere words could be, was the presence of those eight thousand that thronged the grounds of Tuskegee Institute and, while all business was stopped, showed their grief at Booker Washington's death, their reverence for his great soul, and their faith in that for which he devoted his life to the uttermost.

ARTS AND LETTERS IN COUNCIL

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SEVENTEEN years ago the Social Science Association, which for many years included the most important group of men interested in public affairs in this country, selected the names of one hundred men in literature and the arts to organize an Institute of Arts and Letters. The men chosen organized the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Eight years ago its members decided to organize a smaller body of fifty men to constitute an American Academy of Arts and Letters. It chose seven men—William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Hay, "Mark Twain," Edward MacDowell, John La Farge, and Augustus Saint-Gaudens—to organize the Academy by the election of seven others. The fourteen elected additional members, and eventually the number of the Academy was filled up. This history is worth repeating, because the statement is often made that these organizations were self-constituted.

Both societies have steadily grown in interest and importance. Last year a block of ground on the Hudson River front was presented to the Academy with a fund of $100,000 as the beginning of a building and endowment fund; a very beautiful design for such a building has been made by eminent architects, and the building will eventually house both bodies.

The annual meetings of the two organizations have been held in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and New York. The seventh annual meeting recently brought together a large representation of men of distinction in letters and the arts in Boston; and the sessions were made notable by addresses of marked interest and variety.

There are people in this country who have heard so much about Boston as a state of mind that they have come to regard it as a "highbrow" city, the atmosphere of which is somewhat polar. As a matter of fact, there is no more hospitable town in America nor one in which more cordial and interesting people are to be found. And Boston overflowed with hospitality to its visitors. Begin-

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ning with a delightful reception at President Lowell's, the artists and writers from different parts of the country found themselves at once at home. The real difficulty was the number and attractiveness of the invitations extended to them. There were many dinner-tables at which the talk had the old-time flavor, and the men who sat at them went home with the opinion that, if there are not as many outstanding figures in Boston as there were a generation ago, the old town has not lost its quick wit and keen humor.

One of the functions of the Academy and Institute is to emphasize the best standards of English and of workmanship in the arts, and part of its expression is therefore inevitably critical. Three papers were read in which this note was struck with great distinctness. Mr. Brooks Adams, great-grandson of President John Adams, is as free from flattery as have been the other members of his family; and his discussion of "The Revolt of Modern Democracy against Standards of Duty" had a force and pungency that impressed his audience with the fact that in the fourth generation the outspoken frankness of the first Adams still persists. The central thought of Mr. Adams's address was the necessity in a democracy of complete recognition of the obligation of the individual man and woman to sacrifice themselves for the whole community in time of need. He said: "I have never admired Germany as a whole. In later years I have distrusted her ambitions, I have detested her manners, I have abhorred her language and her art, I have feared her competitions, and have been jealous of her navy; but I have never questioned in my heart that her military system of universal service was truly democratic. And I have wished that it might be adopted here." It was his conviction, he said, that his countrymen hated the German universal military service because it rigorously demands a sacrifice from every man.

Mr. Paul Bartlett, the sculptor, delighted his hearers with an imaginary conversation with a foreign art commissioner. The method of the paper permitted a very free and candid play of humor upon and about the many dreadful public statues and monuments in this country. Mr. Arnold Brunner, the architect, approached the subject of architecture in the same critical spirit, taking the point of view that architecture is the background against which we live. He described American cities with a vigor of humor and a keenness of observation that revealed him, not as a pessimist, but as an artist who grasped firmly the fundamental idea of the influence of art on life. His picture of Broadway was drawn with the clearness of an etcher and the ease and facility of a humorist, and was received with more than sympathetic attention by the Boston audience.

Mr. William Allen White brought the cheerfulness of Kansas with him. He made the "Country Newspaper" more interesting than the great cosmopolitan daily. Mr. White in a very familiar and easy way made the platform vivacious with the breeziness and the veracity of the West. In a few telling phrases he sketched the change in the country newspaper as reflecting changes in social conditions in the communities in which they are published:

"With the progress of time and of invention," began Mr. White, "our country people are relaxing into their Ford cars, talking by telephone and reading by electric light, and with these changes the country newspaper also, that companion of the fireside, has taken a step forward. We are getting education through the moving pictures and the phonograph, and State universities are multiplying like the sands of the sea. In these surroundings the country newspaper has naturally changed its face. The number of small and insignificant sheets has become fewer. The paper of the old days was supported through charity or by blackmail. The old editor used a more trenchant pen, but the good old times of homicide have passed away, and the old editors have gone to glory, some of them carrying more buckshot for ballast than they needed.

"Now the smallest office has its linotype operator—a young, jaunty, and dashing youth, who takes his ease out of hours, and is always garbed in a way to denote 'class.' He is an exotic. The old foreman, alas! is gone. Unshaven, pipe-smoking, and hard-toiling, he clipped the exchanges, wrote the telegraph heads, had power of life and death over everybody but the advertising man, and spent most of his princely fifteen dollars a week helping out old friends of the case who dropped in. In his place we now have a superintendent—a man of efficiency—who if anybody approaches him for a 'touch' will promptly hand the applicant a ticket to the Associated Charities."

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia, effectively emphasized the necessity of "Discipline and the Social Aim in Education." "The problem of discipline," he said, "in the educational system of a democracy is the world-old problem of reconciling liberty with order. Not until mankind

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is itself perfect will this problem be finally solved. The pressing question now is how to secure increased National effectiveness without the sacrifice of liberty. Each individual's share in collective action must be something which he imposes upon himself."

Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium, was within a few days of the coast, but unable to reach Boston in time to read his paper on "The American Quality in American Literature," which was read by Mr. Hamlin Garland. Beginning with a quotation from Whitman's "Democratic Vistas," Mr. Whitlock described the attitude of the author of "Leaves of Grass" towards the older New England writers, and then expressed his conviction that the first clear note of the American motive in our fiction was heard in Mr. Howells's "A Modern Instance" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," laying the foundations of a new literature the prime motive of which is the "intention of truth, honesty, and sincerity." The tendency revealed by these stories and those that followed in the same vein was criticised because the innate conservatism of the people was opposed to innovation, and with people of our race the artist "encounters the chilling influence of the Puritan spirit, always suspicious of beauty. In keeping art clean Puritanism risks making it sterile; it never can learn that there is something antiseptic in liberty, so that it purifies itself and heals its own wounds." Among the novels of the new order Mr. Whitlock added to those of Howells the stories of Mark Twain and of Frank Norris; and he expressed his opinion that the best of our novels will continue to be more and more of the human spirit.

In the absence of Mr. Howells, Dr. William M. Sloane presided as Chancellor of the Academy, and Mr. Blashfield, the mural artist, as President of the Institute. The poetry of the occasion was furnished by Mr. Percy MacKaye, who read, with characteristic effectiveness, a striking poem on "Federation," and by Dr. Henry van Dyke, our Minister to Holland, whose two short poems, sent from The Hague, The Outlook reprints with the assurance that they will be as much enjoyed by its readers as they were by the men and women who heard them read:

LIGHTS OUT

(1915)

"Lights out" along the land,
"Lights out" upon the sea.
The night must put her hiding hand
O'er peaceful towns where children sleep,
And peaceful ships that darkly creep
Across the waves, as if they were not free.

The dragons of the air,
The hell-hounds of the deep,
Lurking and prowling everywhere,
Go forth to seek their helpless prey,
Not knowing who they maim or slay—
Mad harvesters, who care not what they reap.

Out with the tranquil lights,
Out with the lights that burn
For love and law and human rights!
Set back the clock a thousand years:
All they have gained now disappears,
And the dark ages suddenly return.

You that let loose wild death,
And terror in the night—
God grant you draw no quiet breath,
Until the madness you began
Is ended, and long-suffering man,
Set free from war lords, cries, "Let there be Light."

REMARKS ABOUT KINGS

(God said, "I am tired of kings."—*Emerson.*)

God said, "I am tired of kings,"
But that was a long while ago;
And meantime man said, "No—
I like their looks in their robes and rings."
So he crowned a few more,
And they went on playing the game as before,
Fighting and spoiling things.

Man said, "I am tired of kings,
Sons of the robber chiefs of yore;
They make me pay for their lust and their war;
I am the puppet, they pull the strings;
The blood of my heart is the wine they drink.
I will govern myself for a while, I think,
And see what that brings."
Then God, who made the first remark, smiled in the dark.

The gold medal of the Institute was conferred upon Mr. William Dean Howells, with every demonstration of heartfelt approval on the part of the members of the Academy and the Institute and of the audience. His delightful letter of acceptance was read by Mr. Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Institute. Its opening paragraph ran:

A rumor of one of those good things which seem too good to be true has come to me with such insistence that I must take it for fact, and I am asking the Secretary of the Institute to acknowledge it for me. I know he will fitly account for my not doing this in person, and I will not hamper him with any expression of my preference as to how he shall convey to you my sense of the supreme honor which your award of the

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medal for fiction has done me. In the last analysis I find this sense a sort of dismay which it would be difficult to render. Yet I will not pretend that it is altogether the unexpected which has happened, or that, with whatever consciousness of demerit, I did not hope it might happen. I felt that if by no other right the medal of fiction might be mine by the right of seniority, for I have been writing novels now for nearly fifty years, and I have outlived nearly every contemporary who might have outrivaled me in the competition. If this triumph of longevity had its inevitable sadness, I hoped that there might be some touch of the kindness which sweetens the acclaim of his arrival to the man who is out of the running.

The address made on presentation of the medal in behalf of the Institute follows in full. The first gold medal of the Academy will be presented in January to Dr. Charles W. Eliot as the foremost living representative of American intellectual life, and especially as a master of English prose. H. W. M.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS BY HAMILTON W. MABIE AT THE BOSTON MEETING OF THE ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS

THE Gold Medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, designed and executed by one of its members, Mr. A. A. Weinman, has been given to Augustus Saint-Gaudens for sculpture, to James Ford Rhodes for history, to James Whitcomb Riley for poetry, to William Rutherford Mead for architecture, to Augustus Thomas for dramatic composition, to John Singer Sargent for painting. It is given to-day to William Dean Howells for fiction.

No selection of a man of letters to receive a distinction conferred by a jury, not of his peers, but of his fellow-craftsmen, could more happily combine recognition of achievement and the fitting moment. Mr. Howells was the first man chosen by the Institute to constitute the American Academy of Arts and Letters; he was elected its first President, and his succession to himself has not been interrupted. He is not only the official head of the Academy, but in his work and character he interprets its spirit and purpose. So long as he remains where he is the Academy needs no gloss.

And this distinction is conferred in the city of Mr. Howells's earliest literary friendships and reputation. In the closing hours of the first day of creative work in American literature he became the associate of the men who gave the beginnings of that literature elevation of thought and dignity of form; here his verse was first published; and here he came into the view of the country as the editor of the magazine which at the beginning allied itself with the American writing that was to endure.

Standing at the compositor's frame in the friendly, human atmosphere of an Ohio town, he shared the characteristic life of his country when the insights are deepest because they are unconscious. It was a long way from Martin's Ferry to Venice, but to youth the Old World is always new; as to the man who studies men the New World is always old.

Ardent and eager in heart and poetic in spirit, Mr. Howells went from the frontier of a young and practical country to the elusive frontier city—half palace, half mirage—of the ancient realm of art and romance. Four years in Venice was a university course in the humanities without the distractions of college life. If you add knowledge of the modern languages and of the vital books of the day in poetry and fiction, you have an education shaped by impulses passionate in their appeal, but tempered and modulated by the traditions of beauty and skill. Under such influences the realist who had the Tolstoyan passion for his kind became the sensitive artist whose tools have the delicate precision of a Benvenuto Cellini.

A man of the modern temper, undismayed by the newest method and the latest radicalism, Mr. Howells is always the artist. However advanced his doctrine, his speech never misses the charm which has made art the universal language. In Altruria, as in Venice, one hears the accent which survives all changes of time and place and taste. A

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journalist at times, Mr. Howells never ceased to be a man of letters; a patient and courteous editor, he never lost the artist's sense of responsibility for the casual line as for the carefully executed work.

It is his distinction that he has made commonplace people significant and the unsalted average man and woman interesting. Fiction, reminiscence, poetry, impressions of places and people, essays, comedies, criticisms—what variety of substance, what uniformity of skill, of that fineness of taste which is born of right feeling as well as of sound training!

To call him an American in any divisive sense is to belittle Mr. Howells, since it is the quality of art that it uses the vernacular to speak of universal things; but in a very real sense Mr. Howells is not only a man of his time and country, but of his section. Neither the old nor the new West has given us a novel reading of the mystery of life; but fifty years ago in the Ohio Valley and to-day on either slope of the Rocky Mountains men and women are impatient of traditions and keep open house to ideas. It is true that they as often entertain cranks as angels, but they have made all human kind welcome and at home. Life as a work of art has interested them less than life as an experiment.

Hawthorne invested the austere romance of the Puritan spirit with dusky splendor, and Cooper gave his generation the romance of primitive feeling and action on land and sea. Mr. Howells, divesting the novel of the dramatic aids of station, passion, and adventure, has brought into view those elements of character and of circumstance which, in the newest as in the oldest world, give life perennial interest. In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "A Hazard of New Fortunes" he dramatized opportunity, the romance of American life. A realist, but never a literalist, whose faith in democracy is saved from superstition by that breadth of view and play of imagination which we call humor, Mr. Howells has made Americanism synonymous with sanity, hope, the idealism of the clean hearth, and seriousness of mood tempered by optimism, humor, and good fellowship.

Last year a slender book of fantasy came from Mr. Howells's hand. It had to do with Shakespeare and Bacon revisiting "the pale glimpses of the moon" at Stratford-on-Avon. It has the air of a digression, of a romancer giving himself a half-holiday. It is the story of a skylark; a poet of an ease of wing and magic of song akin with the skylarks that rise out of the meadows at Hampton Lucy and pour out a flood of unpremeditated music as they ascend the invisible stairways of the sky. There is no sign of toil in this slender book, but there is more of Shakespeare in it than in many of those ponderous octavos that recall the old-time description of the German scholar: he goes down deeper and stays down longer and comes up muddier than any other scholar in the world. The facts drift into the current so casually that only the experienced reader knows that he holds in his hand one of the most intelligent biographies of Shakespeare that has appeared. The owls have often given us their account of the skylark; this is a poet's report.

A serious thing fashioned without a trace of toil—the wings liberated from the stone and every sign of tool and dust vanished. Is not this the sign and witness of art?

So to-day, at the summit of his years, the National Institute of Arts and Letters does not presume to honor William Dean Howells; it is content to recognize the beauty and value of a contribution to American literature made by one who has not only the suffrages but the hearts of his fellow-craftsmen.

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

I—THE PLIGHT OF MONTENEGRO

BEFORE the armies of the Teutons and the Bulgars the people of Servia are fleeing. Like a hydraulic press those armies are pushing the people to the south and west—compressing them into the narrow confines of uninvaded Servia, and especially into little mountainous Montenegro.

Madame Grouitch, who was in America a little while ago, was in Belgrade on October 6 when the first bombardment began. She has written a letter in which she describes her experiences.

"In spite of the fact that the bombs were whizzing about the streets," she says, "destroying a great many houses and killing a few people, it was not until noon that one realized that the town itself was being bombarded, preliminary to an attempt to land troops.

"At three o'clock Dr. Ryan came to my house and advised me to leave Belgrade that night, offering to motor me to the station, which is some ten miles toward the interior. On our way we had a sad experience of the frightful reality of death and destruction caused by the bombardment; the motor was brought to a standstill by the sight of a mass of mangled human beings and horses lying in the road in front of us. Dr. Ryan sprang out at the cry of his name from a man who, all covered with blood, was bending over two stricken women, by whose side lay a dead child, a beautiful boy of twelve. One was the mother, the other the wife, of the man. A few feet away lay his little daughter, with both legs broken. A maid-servant, gravely injured, was moaning and calling for water; the driver and the horses of the cart in which they had been escaping lay dead. Just behind them in another cart lay a dead soldier, calm and still in his young strength, looking as though he were asleep, so instantaneous had been his death.

"Dr. Ryan immediately took the man, the two women, and the little child in his own motor, and carried them back to the hospital, returning with Dr. Morton Lane and three orderlies and two stretchers, with which he transported the other wounded who were lying beside the road. While we were waiting for his return another shell struck a small park near by, killing and wounding many people who had taken refuge there, believing it safer to be in the open than in the town where the houses were falling in every street.

"The bombardment, which lasted all night and all the following day, was the most terrible that has ever been sustained on this front. . . .

"All day on Thursday, the 7th, the frightened population poured from the town, hundreds of people being killed. . . .

"I wish to state that the road over which this population fled was not in line with the military defenses, and that the *taube* from above directed the German fire on the defenseless fugitives with the barbarous intention of terrorizing the rest of the inhabitants so that they should remain in the town and be taken prisoners. On that awful day women, carrying babies and dragging small children by the hand, tramped the whole distance from the town to the train."

It is such refugees as these that Madame Grouitch describes who are pouring into Montenegro.

Captain Seferovitch, Montenegrin Consul-General in New York, has, at our request, made the following statement about his country:

"According to the latest news which we get from London through the American papers and the official communications received at the Montenegrin Consulate, the situation in my country, Montenegro, as well as in Servia, is very, very critical. As long as we cannot save Servia from the enemies' advance and devastation, we must try to save at least Montenegro and its mountains, which will serve as a place of refuge for the poor, heroic Servian people.

"Servians and Montenegrins are of the same race; they have the same language, the same religion. The Montenegrin people are less susceptible to emotions, less vivacious, than the Servians. They are rather thinkers. Neither are they musical, like the Servians. This is perhaps because they live in a mountainous country, where life is hard and stern. They are the mountaineers of the Servian race. The King of Montenegro, Nicholas, is very democratic. The people call him *Gospodar*—'The

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Master.' The democratic ideas of the Montenegrins are similar to those of the Servians. They say 'Thou' when speaking to their King, their Master. He receives every one kindly, especially those who come back from America. The humblest of them is received by the King at his palace; or he meets them in the streets and talks with them. He is seventy-four years old.

"Montenegrins owe a great deal to the United States. Every one who has come here is indebted to this country for much of the civilization and education he receives, which is of great service to those who go back to their own land. In times of peace they have come in large numbers to America. They do not emigrate to any other country. Before the war there were thirty thousand of them here; but about one-third have now returned to their homes, and many others would have done so if they had had the means, and an open road to go. They are principally miners, working in the mines of Arizona, Pennsylvania, and other mining regions of the United States. They are industrious, but are kept poor by the interruptions to their work due to strikes and other causes to which Montenegrins are not used.

"The people of Montenegro are not a drinking people. They smoke a good deal, and they raise considerable tobacco. When they smoke they also do their thinking. Drinking is a shame; even during Christmas, etc., one would never see a drunken man. The debauchee . . . is not known either. The Montenegrin, like the Servian, is ashamed to be imprisoned for stealing; he is not ashamed to be imprisoned for self-defense. The only crime they have is in defending the honor of their families. There are no highwaymen in Montenegro. Nowhere in Europe is it safer for a stranger to travel; one can go everywhere and be safe. The people as a rule are healthy, because of living so much in the open air. In times of peace there was only one hospital in the country, with forty beds, and only four real doctors in all Montenegro. But now doctors, nurses, and medicines are urgently and badly needed, and the situation is awful. There are many villages where they cannot get a doctor.

"Montenegro has never been conquered, but, even when there was peace in Europe, before this dreadful war, there was no peace in Montenegro, because of the incursions of the Albanians and the Turks. The country has been at war for four years, and is now under siege and surrounded by enemies—Albania on one side, the Austrians on another, and the Teutons and Bulgarians on still another side, who are pressing the Servians back into the Montenegrin mountains.

"This means that the people of Montenegro are not only cut off from their normal sources of food supply, but that they will be overwhelmed by refugees from Servia, so that their own supplies, which in ordinary times would not be sufficient for themselves, will now be as nothing. The Servian people who are being driven back by the advancing armies of the invaders—the non-combatants, the women and children, the aged and infirm—could not find a better refuge than Montenegro, so far as its strategical position is concerned. But, although they will find a refuge in the mountains of Montenegro, they will find little else. They will have to go without food and clothing, without shoes, without shelter from the snows of winter. There are no factories of any kind in all the country, no industries. Even in normal times the country had to depend on supplies from outside. It is a barren country to a great extent, with woods and rocky soil. Very little can grow there. The people cultivate little garden patches on the sides of the mountains, from which they get simple food for their families. In times of peace they grow corn and wheat in these little patches of fields, but have had to depend principally on Russia for their wheat. The Montenegrin peasant eats principally potatoes, cabbages, goat's meat—which is smoked like ham—and fish from the Lake of Scutari. During the war with Turkey the reason why Montenegro asked for Scutari was because around the lakes the ground is fertile, and they wanted to have a place where they could grow a little bread to eat. There are many goats and some sheep; so that we have milk and cheese—small cheeses like those in Italy—and there is plenty of hunting.

"Now comes the question of how to take care of the refugees, as well as our own people, who number five hundred thousand. The Servians are fleeing in great numbers back into the mountains, so that already there are now over a million refugees in a country having a population of half a million! Even last summer, after the beginning of hostilities, a quarter of a million refugees had come from Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and the Servian provinces of Austria. The Austrians did not wish to feed this non-combat-

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ant population at their own expense, so drove them over the border, and they took refuge in our country. If the Germans continue to advance, the situation will be more and more serious. How can a country which has no trade, no factories, no industries, very little food of its own, feed all these people? We have beautiful scenery, yes—but they cannot live on poetry, on dreams, on air, on mountain scenery! Many of them are sick. From the report of Dr. Goutcha, a doctor of the mission sent out by Mr. John W. Frothingham, of New York, there is scarcely a person without rheumatism. They have no medicines, almost no doctors. The people heat stones, wrap them in pieces of cloth, and put them between their knees.

"It is almost impossible to get the paper even on which to write reports, and of course there is not enough paper on which to print newspapers, and the condition is similar in Servia.

"We must have help from outside—from America—and it must come quickly and generously, if these people are to be saved. Both the Servians and the Montenegrins are in the worst possible condition as regards food and medical supplies. Clothing is needed, too, especially shoes, stockings, blankets. How can they buy shoes? They have no money, and shoes which would sell here for $3 a pair are already $12 a pair in Salonika! The people take pieces of skins, run a drawing-string through them, and wrap them around their feet. This kind of footwear is called *opanke*.

"Very little help has as yet gone to Montenegro. Some has been sent through our Consulate. Every day I receive money from Slavs in this country, and the Servians have given all the help they could. The Sanitary Commission of the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Foundation has given sanitary relief in Montenegro as well as in Servia. But that was before the renewal of hostilities and the present onrush of refugees from Servia.

"Supplies can go from America by way of Naples and Brindisi, by steamer to Albania, and through Albania to the Montenegrin border. Certainly the Italians will do all they can to get supplies from America into Montenegro. The Queen of Italy would not let her father, our King, die of hunger! If the German and Bulgarian armies continue to defeat the Servians, and if Italy should not be able to hold the Adriatic, all the people in Montenegro will starve."

Under the present arrangement checks for Montenegrin relief should be made out to J. P. Morgan & Co. for the Montenegro Relief Committee, and, if so addressed, will be recorded and acknowledged by Murray H. Coggeshall, 128 Broadway, New York City; whereas goods of any kind, shoes, etc., should be sent to Mrs. Kinnicutt Draper, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, New York, the Red Cross Division, marked for Montenegro.

II—A RED CROSS FLAG THAT SAVED FOUR THOUSAND[1]

A NARRATIVE BY DIKRAN ANDREASIAN, TRANSLATED BY STEPHEN TROWBRIDGE

FROM the day that Turkey entered the war there had been much anxiety among the people of Zeitoun as to whether the Turks would treat the Armenians of those mountain districts with some new form of cruelty and oppression. Zeitoun is—we must now say *was*—a city of seven thousand inhabitants, entirely Armenian, and surrounded by many villages, also Christian, in the heart of the Taurus Mountains.

I had been serving for one year as the pastor of the Armenian Protestant Church in Zeitoun, and the narrative which follows is one of personal experience.

Early in the spring of this year the Government began to assume a threatening attitude toward Zeitoun, summoning the elders and notables of the city and commencing an inquisition with the punishment of the bastinado. Absurd and impossible charges were made against the Armenians for the purpose of extorting money. Meanwhile some six thousand regular troops were quartered in the barracks above the city. An attempt to take the Armenian monastery by storm cost the Turks some casualties and failed of its object. The young men who were within stoutly

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

[1] This narrative is published with the authority of the American Relief Committee in Cairo, Egypt: Dr. Frank H. Henry, Chairman; Dr. John Giffen, Treasurer. American Mission, Ezbekiye, Cairo; Stephen Trowbridge, Secretary, 5 Sharia Imad-id-Din, Cairo. It may be reprinted in whole or in part by any one interested.—THE EDITORS.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

PHOTOGRAPH FROM MEDEM NEWS SERVICE

DR. CECILE GREIL, SURVIVOR OF THE ANCONA DISASTER

Dr. Greil, an American physician who was a passenger on the Ancona when it was attacked by an Austrian submarine, states that the Ancona was sunk without warning. Her testimony is regarded as of great importance. See editorial pages for comment

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THE FRENCH ON THEIR WAY TO HELP SERVIA

The photograph shows mule transports of the French army passing along a road in Greece leading to the Servian frontier

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

WOUNDED SERVIAN SOLDIERS IN A BRITISH HOSPITAL IN SERVIA

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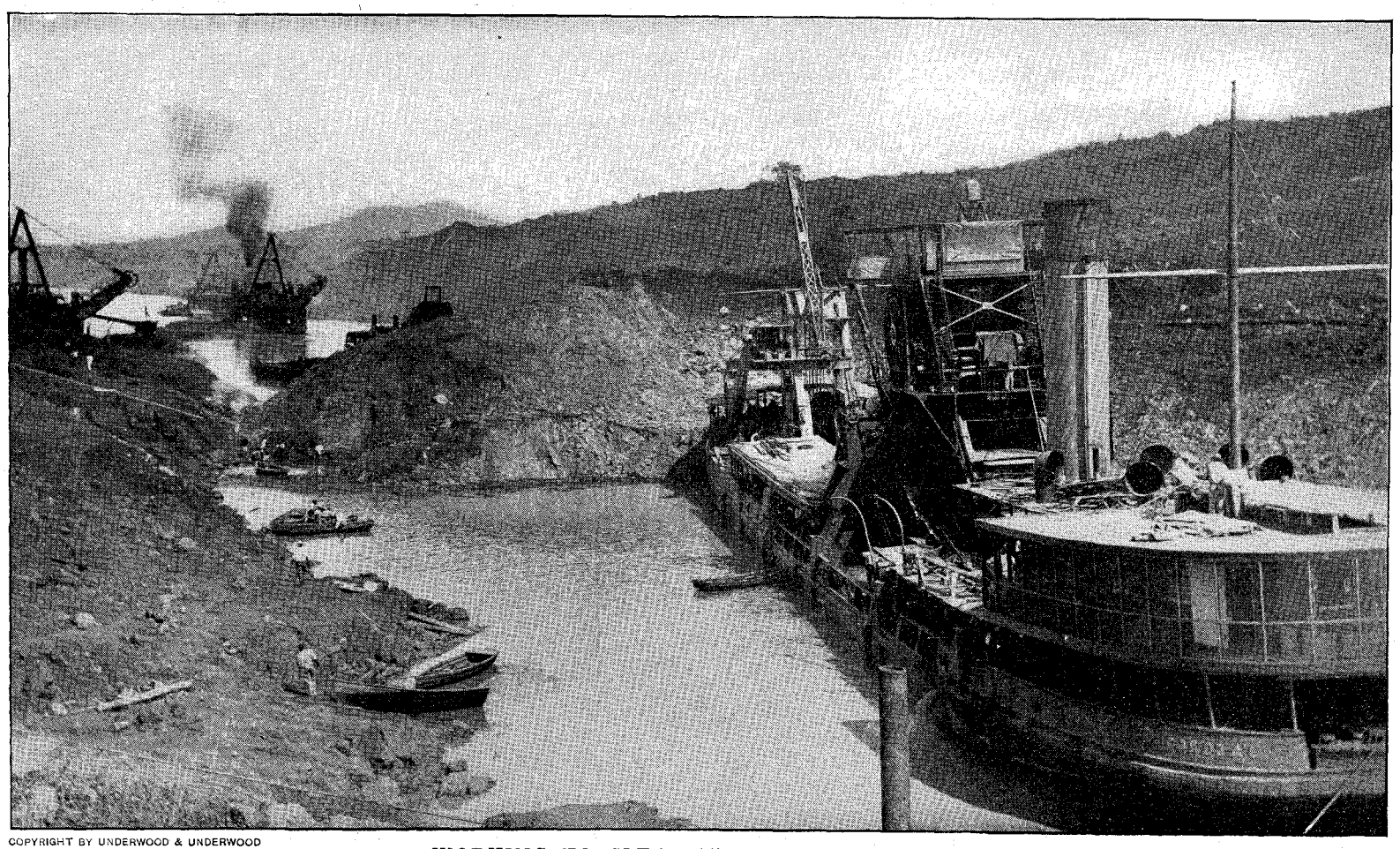

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WORKING TO CLEAR THE PANAMA CANAL

The great slide at Culebra (now Gaillard) Cut which has closed the Canal for several weeks is shown in the picture. In spite of the vast quantity of earth which has been already removed, it is feared that the Canal will not be open for navigation till the first of January

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THE VICTORIOUS HARVARD FOOTBALL TEAM

The Harvard team, whose defeat of Yale by a score of 41 to 0 was the most sensational event of the football season, are seen in the photograph coming from their quarters. Percy Haughton, the coach, to whom much of the credit for Harvard's success is due, may be identified in the picture by the white sweater which he wears

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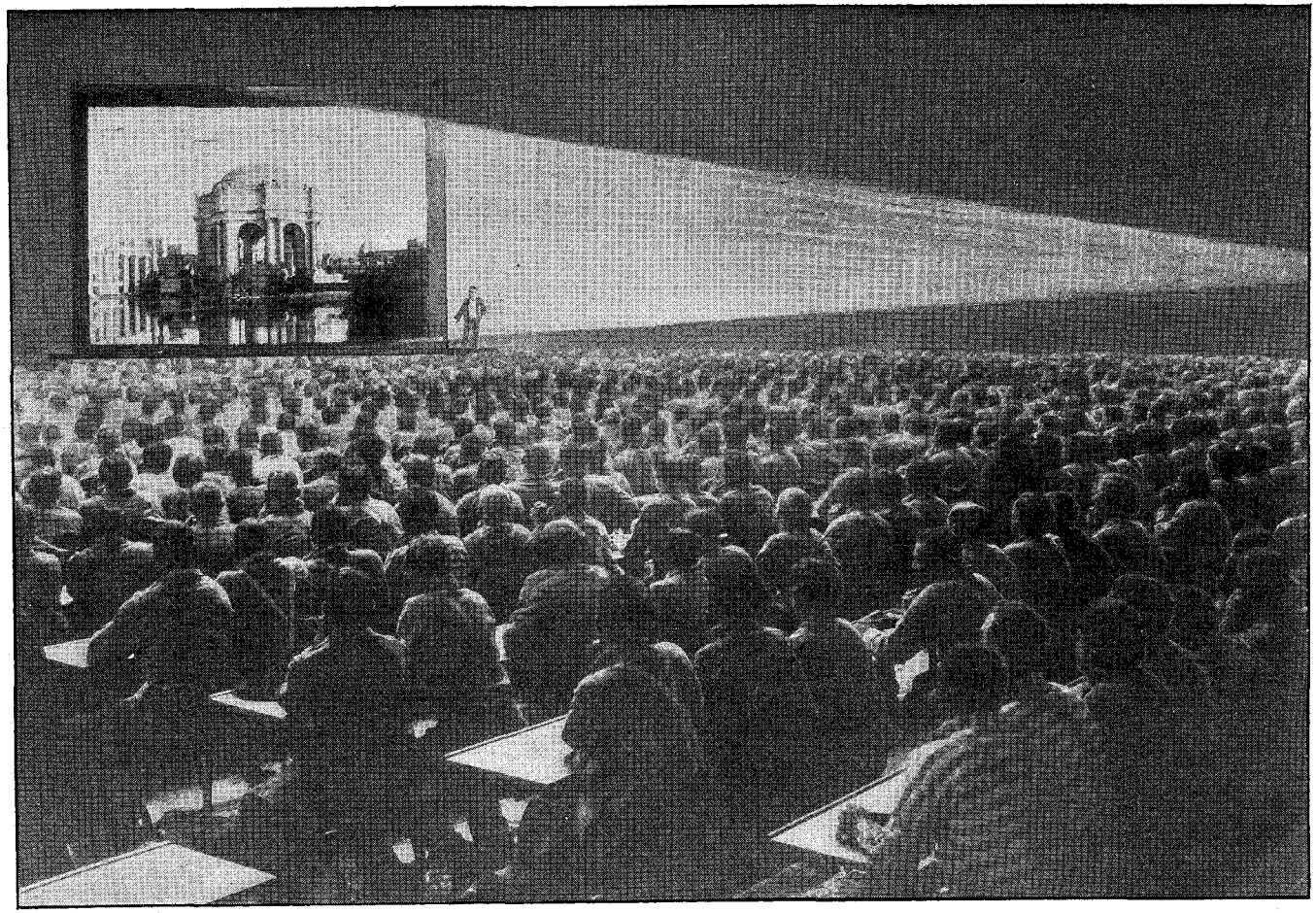

CALIFORNIA PRISONERS SEE THE SAN FRANCISCO FAIR

The picture shows the 2,300 prisoners of the San Quentin State Prison enjoying an illustrated lecture about the great Exposition which many of them had been unable to attend in person. They are assembled in the great dining-room of the prison. Among the remarks of the lecturer which met great applause was a personal message sent to them by Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, saying that he would give any prisoner, as soon as his sentence expired, a position in his factory

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

CALIFORNIA'S REMARKABLE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

The scene represented above is said to be a daily sight at one of the great "movie" studios for which California is famous. Each morning "extras," costumed often to accentuate "type," as seen in the picture, gather at this employment bureau. When the director desires certain characters for one of his plays, he strolls through the crowd and picks them out

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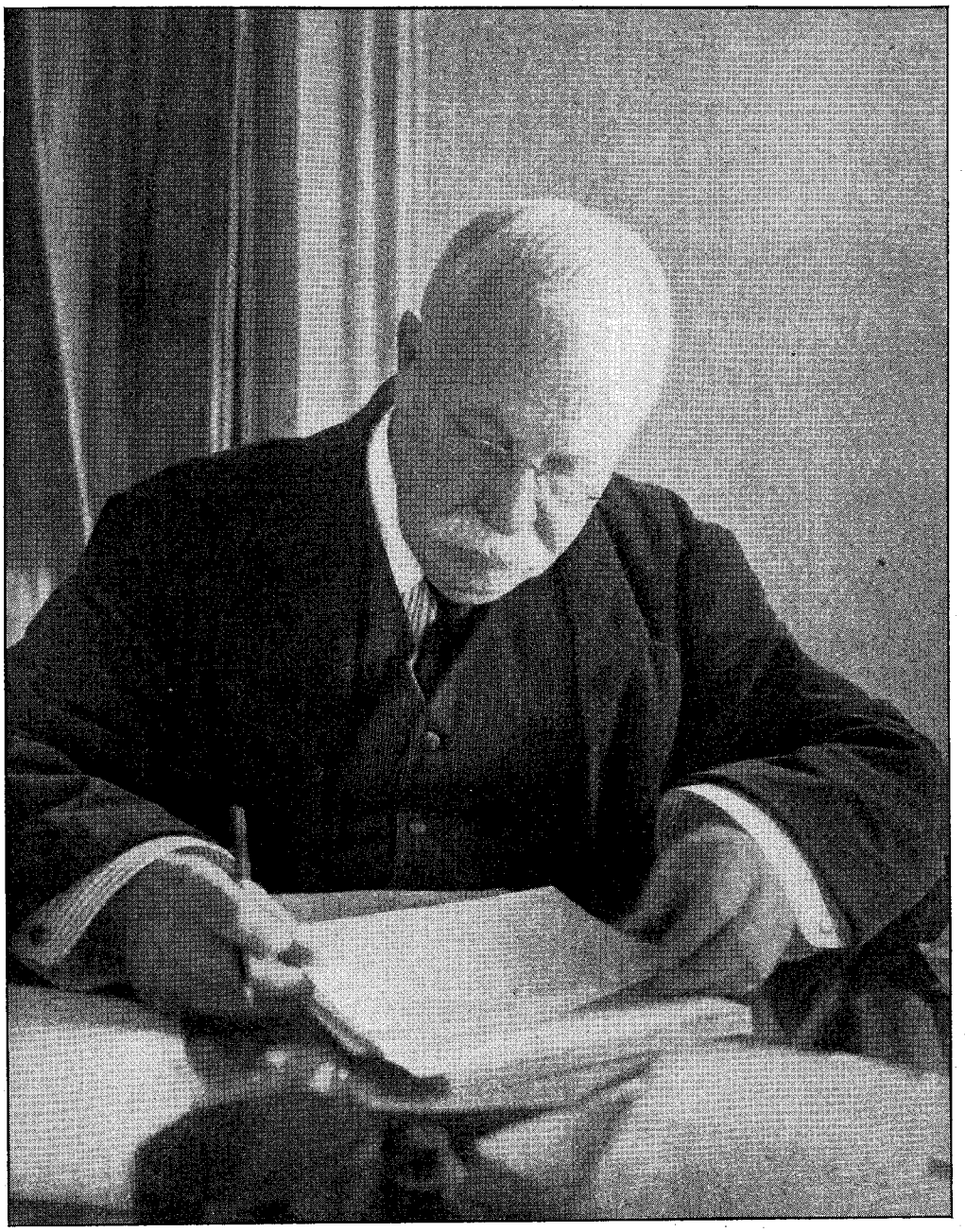

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The National Institute of Arts and Letters last week awarded to William Dean Howells its gold medal annually bestowed for achievement in some field of literature. An account of this award and of the joint meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and of the American Academy of Arts and Letters appears elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook

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defended themselves, and not until attacked by field artillery was the monastery taken.

Fifty of the leading men in Zeitoun were summoned to the barracks "for a conference with the commander." They were at once imprisoned and their families were sent for. Every one waited anxiously for these people to return, but after a while it was learned that they had been sent away to an unknown destination. A few days later another and larger group of families were ordered to the barracks, and were forthwith driven off with threats and curses to a distant banishment. In this way three or four hundred families at a time were sent off on foot, with no proper supply of food, by devious routes through the mountains, some northwest toward Konia, some southeast toward the hot and unhealthy plains of Mesopotamia.

Day by day we saw the various quarters of the city stripped of inhabitants, until at last a single neighborhood remained. In addition to my duties as pastor I happened to be in charge of the Mission orphanage. The commanding officer sent for me one morning and told me to make ready at once for departure. "Your wife is also to go," he said, "and the children in the orphanage." We made our preparations hurriedly, for we were allowed to take but little with us. As we were leaving I looked back with an aching heart and saw our beloved church empty and lonely. The last company of our seven thousand people was streaming down the valley into banishment! We had seen massacres, but we had never seen this before! A massacre at least ends quickly, but this prolonged anguish of soul is almost beyond human endurance.

The first day's march exhausted all of us. In the dark, as we lay down upon the open ground, Turkish muleteers came and robbed us of the few donkeys and mules that we had. Next day, in forlorn condition, the children with swollen and blistered feet, we reached Marash. Through the earnest request of the American missionaries, an order was secured from the Governor for my wife and myself to return to my home town, Yoghonolook, near the sea, twelve miles west of Antioch. The Governor granted this permit on the ground that my wife and I were not natives of Zeitoun. My heart was torn between the desire to share banishment with some fragment of my congregation and the desire to take my wife to a place of comparative safety in my father's home. But. the order having once been issued, I had no alternative but to obey.

At Aintab we found the large Armenian community in the utmost anxiety, but at that time the order to leave had not arrived. Rumors reached us that the villages by the sea were being threatened, but we thought best to continue southward, difficult though the journey was at such a time.

The last part of our way lay through a historic valley—the fertile plain of Antioch. It was here that Chrysostom preached in the fervor of his early ministry before he was called to Byzantium. And it was to a secluded chapel on our own mountain-side that he used to withdraw for prayer and communion with God. As a boy I had often looked with wonder and reverence at the massive stones of the ruins of St. Chrysostom's Chapel. It was in this very Antioch that Barnabas and Paul labored with such spiritual energy, and here they set forth upon their momentous task of spreading the Christian faith. The Roman road by which they walked from Antioch to Seleucia can still be traced in the valley below my native town, and the stone piers from which Roman ships set sail at Seleucia are not entirely demolished by the storms and earthquakes of the centuries.

The city of Antioch, once so gallantly defended by the Crusaders, has long been under the rule of the Turks, and the minarets of Islam are ten times more numerous than the church belfries. In April, 1909, the Protestant and Gregorian congregations suffered one of the most cruel persecutions in history.

The people of my own home town, Yoghonolook, are simple, industrious folk. For years past their chief occupation has been the sawing and polishing by hand of combs from hard wood and bone. Many of our men are also expert wood-carvers. In the neighboring villages the chief occupations are the culture of silkworms for producing raw silk and the weaving of silk by hand looms into handkerchiefs and scarfs. Our people are very fond of their churches, and since the opening of schools by the American missionaries most of our children have learned to read. Every home is surrounded by mulberry trees, and many beautiful orchards cover the terraced slopes toward the south and west. Travelers who have been to southern Italy tell us that the villages near Naples very much resemble ours. The broad, rough back of Mousa Dagh (*i. e.*, Mount Moses), known in Arabic as Jebel-el-Ahmar,

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rises up eastward back of us. Every gorge and crag of our beloved mountain is known to our boys and men.

I mention these facts about my village home so that you may feel something of the quiet, happy life which was so rudely and so completely broken up by this last attempt of the Turks to exterminate our race.

Twelve days after I had reached home an official order from the Turkish Government at Antioch was served upon the six villages of Mousa Dagh to prepare for banishment within eight days. You can scarcely imagine the consternation and the indignation which this order caused. We sat up all night debating what it would be best to do. To resist the forces of the Turkish Government seemed almost hopeless, and yet the scattering of families into a distant wilderness raided by fanatical and lawless Arab tribes seemed such an appalling prospect that the inclination of both men and women was to refuse the summons and withstand the anger of the Government. All, however, were not of this mind. The Rev. Haroutune Nokhoudian, the pastor of the Protestant Church in Beytias, for example, came to the conviction that it would be folly to resist, and that the severity of banishment might possibly be modified in some way. He was in favor of yielding. Sixty families from his own village and a considerable number from the next village, agreeing with him, separated themselves from us and went down to Antioch under Turkish guards. They were shortly expelled in the direction of the lower Euphrates. (We have lost all track of them now and may never hear of them again.)

Our firm friends, the American missionaries, were cut off from us 120 miles to the north at Aintab. Communications with the outside world being practically severed, we were thrown upon our own resources, and we realized that our one hope was in the mercy of God. Fervently we prayed that he would strengthen us to do our duty.

Knowing that it would be impossible to defend our villages in the foothills, it was resolved to withdraw to the heights of Mousa Dagh, taking with us as large a supply of food and implements as it was possible to carry. All the flocks of sheep and goats were also driven up the mountain-side, and every available weapon of defense was brought out and furbished up. We found that we had a hundred and twenty modern rifles and shotguns, with perhaps three times that number of old flintlocks and horse-pistols. That still left more than half our men without weapons.

It was very hard to leave our homes. My mother wept as if her heart would break. But we had hopes that possibly while we were fighting off the Turks the Dardanelles might be forced and deliverance come to the country.

By nightfall the first day we had reached the upper crags of the mountain. As we were preparing to camp and to cook the evening meal a pouring rain set in and continued all night. For this we were ill prepared. There had not been time to make huts of branches, nor had we any tents or waterproof clothing. Men, women, and children, somewhat over five thousand in all, were soaked to the skin, and much of the bread we had brought with us was turned into a pulpy mass. We were especially solicitous to keep our powder and rifles dry. This the men managed to do very well.

At dawn next morning all hands went to work digging trenches at the most strategic points in the ascent of the mountain. Where there was no earth for trench-digging rocks were rolled together, making strong barricades behind which groups of our sharpshooters were stationed. The sun came out gloriously, and we were hard at it all day strengthening our position against the attack which we knew was certain to come.

Toward evening we held a mass-meeting for the election of a committee of defense which should have supreme authority for our six communities. Some favored an election by show of hands, but others argued that, as this was a matter of such vital importance, the regular congregational method of choice by secret ballot should be followed. And they offered to get together enough bits of paper to carry out the ballot! Our people have become very much attached to these democratic methods taught by the missionaries. Without much delay scraps of paper, more or less torn and wet, were gathered and the ballot was cast. A governing council thus being established, plans were at once made for defending each pass in the mountain and each approach to the camp. Scouts, messengers, and a central reserve group of sharpshooters were chosen and were assigned their duties.

The summons from the Government had been served July 13. The eight days' grace had now almost elapsed, and we were aware that the Turks must have discovered our

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movements. The whole Antioch plain is peopled with Turks and Arabs, and there is always a strong military garrison in the Antioch barracks.

On July 21 the attack began. The advance guard was two hundred regulars, and their captain insolently boasted that he would clear the mountain in one day. But the Turks suffered several casualties and were driven back to the base. When they advanced for a more general attack, they dragged up a field-gun, which, after some experimentation, secured the range and wrought havoc in our camp. One of our sharpshooters, a lion-hearted young fellow, crept down through the brushwood and among the rocks until he was in very close range of the field-gun, which was mounted on a flat rock. Having made himself an ambush of branches, he watched for a good opportunity. He was so near that he could hear the Turks talking to one another as they loaded the gun. Then, as one gunner stepped out into view, the young man picked him off with the first shot. With five bullets he killed four gunners! The captain thereupon threw up his hands in dismay, and, not being able to discern our sharpshooter, ordered the gun to be dragged to a place of shelter. Thus were we saved from a disastrous gun-fire on that day and several days to come.

But the Turks were gathering forces for a massed attack. They had sent word through many Moslem villages calling the people to arms. Army rifles and plentiful ammunition were handed out from the Antioch arsenal, until the mob of four thousand Moslems thirsting for massacre became a formidable foe. But the chief strength of the Turks was in the three thousand regular troops accustomed to discipline and inured to hardship.

Suddenly one morning our scouts brought word to headquarters that the enemy was appearing at every pass in the mountain. Here and there the Turks had already gained the cliffs and shoulders of the crest. Our reserve body of defenders was—very unwisely, as we afterwards realized—sent in small groups to these various points. No sooner had our forces been thus divided than a massed attack in great force commenced through one ravine. All the other advances had been feints, and were not followed up. By the time our men discovered the situation and rallied from distant points the Turks had shot down our scouts and had poured through an important pass. To our dismay, we saw them already in full occupation of high ground, threatening our camp. Reinforcements kept pushing up the mountain, and as the afternoon drew on we saw that we were completely outnumbered. We saw also that the range of the Turks' rifles was far superior to that of our old-fashioned firearms. By sundown the enemy had advanced three companies through the dense underbrush and forest to within four hundred yards of our huts. A deep, damp ravine lay between, and the Turks decided to bivouac rather than to push on in the darkness.

Our leaders hurriedly took counsel together, whispering very quietly and not allowing any light in camp. Every one knew that a crisis had been reached. Finally a venturesome plan was adopted: to creep around the Turkish positions in the dead of night and thus carry out an enveloping movement, closing in very suddenly with a fusillade and ending with a hand-to-hand encounter. If this plan should fail, we knew that everything was lost. Through the dark, wet woods our men crept with extraordinary skill. It was here that our familiarity with those crags and thickets made it possible to do what invaders could not attempt. The circle was practically completed when, with a flash and a crash on all sides, our men delivered their attack, rushing forward with desperate courage. In a very few moments it was evident that bewilderment and alarm had thrown the Turkish camp into the utmost confusion. Troops were rushing hither and thither in the black night, stumbling over rocks and logs, officers shouting contradictory commands and struggling vainly to rally their men. Evidently the impression was given of a very substantial Armenian attack, because in less than half an hour the Turkish colonel gave the order to retreat, and before dawn the woods were practically clear of the troops. More than two hundred Turks had been killed and some booty taken: seven Mauser rifles, 2,500 rounds of ammunition, and one mule. There was no sign of any renewal of fighting. But we knew that our foes were not defeated; they were only driven off.

During the next few days they roused the whole Mohammedan population for many miles around—a horde of perhaps fifteen thousand. With this larger number they were able to surround and lay siege to Mousa Dagh on the landward side. Their plan was now to starve us out. On the seaward side

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there was no harbor nor any communication with a seaport. The mountain sloped directly into the sea. We were fully occupied in the care of our wounded and the reparation of the damage done in camp.

Special meetings were held to thank God for deliverance thus far, and to intercede with him for our families and little ones. Gregorians and Protestants were fused into one faith and fellowship by this baptism of suffering. It was at this time that my wife was confined and gave birth to her first child, a son. She suffered much in the flight down the seaward trail some days later, but I carried her and helped her as much as possible. Thank God, she is in good health now, and so is our little son.

When we discovered that our mountain was in a state of siege, we began to estimate our food resources. During the first week on the heights we had exhausted the bread, olives, and cheese that we had brought from home. Very few had been able to bring flour or other cereals, so for a month past we had been living on our flocks, using the goats' milk for the little children and the sick, and slaughtering a number of sheep and goats every day. This constant meat diet was not good for us, but, on the other hand, we were profoundly thankful that we were spared the suffering of starvation. We made a careful count of the flocks, and found that even with a reduced ration of meat our supply would last not more than two weeks longer. Under the pressure of this anxiety we began to think of plans for escape by sea.

Before the siege had entirely closed in we had sent a runner to make the dangerous trip, eighty-five miles through Turkish villages, to Aleppo, the capital of the province, with an appeal to the American Consul, Mr. Jackson, to send us help by sea, if possible. But it is not at all likely that our messenger ever reached Aleppo. It occurred to us that possibly a battle-ship of the Allies might be in Alexandretta Harbor, thirty-five miles to the north. So one of our young men, who was a strong swimmer, volunteered to creep through the Turkish lines and take a message in English strapped inside his belt. He succeeded in reaching the hills overlooking the harbor, but saw that there was no battle-ship, and returned. His plan had been to swim out to sea, circling around to reach the battle-ship, thus avoiding the Turkish sentries on the roads leading into Alexandretta.

We then prepared triplicate copies of the following appeal, and appointed three swimmers to be constantly on the watch for any passing ship to strike through the surf and swim out at such an angle as to meet the vessel:

To any English, American, French, Italian, or Russian admiral, captain, or authority whom this petition may find, we appeal in the name of God and human brotherhood:

We, the people of six Armenian villages, about 5,000 souls in all, have withdrawn to that part of Mousa Dagh called Damlajik, which is three hours' journey northwest from Suedije along the seacoast.

We have taken refuge here from Turkish barbarism and torture, and most of all from the outraging of the honor of our women.

Sir, you must have heard about the policy of annihilation which the Turks are applying to our nation. Under cover of dispersing the Armenians, as if to avoid rebellion, our people are expelled from their houses, deprived of their gardens, their vineyards, and all their possessions.

This brutal programme has already been applied to the city of Zeitoun and its thirty-two villages, to Albustan, Geoksun, Yarpouz, Gurin, Diarbekir, Adana, Tarsus, Mersin, Deort Yol, Hadjin, etc. And the same policy is being extended to all the one and a half million Armenians in different parts of Turkey.

The present writer was the Protestant pastor in Zeitoun a few months ago and was an eye-witness of many unspeakable cruelties. I saw families of eight or ten members driven along the highway, barefooted children six or seven years old by the side of aged grandparents, hungry and thirsty, their feet swollen from the toilsome journey. Along the road one heard sobs and curses and prayers. Under the pressure of great fear, some mothers gave birth to children in the bushes by the side of the road. Immediately afterward they were compelled by the Turkish guards to continue their journey till kind death arrived to give an end to their torture.

The remainder of the people who were strong enough to bear the hardships of the march were driven on under the whips of the gendarmes to the plains of the south. Some died of hunger. Others were robbed along the way. Others were stricken with malaria and had to be left by the roadside; and, as a last act of this dark and foul tragedy, the Arabs and Kurds massacred all the males and distributed the widows and girls among their tribes!

The Government some forty days ago informed us that our six villages must go into exile. Rather than submit to this we withdrew to this mountain. We now have little food left, and the troops are besieging us. We have had five fierce battles. God has given us the vic-

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tory; but the next time we will have to withstand a much larger force.

Sir, we appeal to you in the name of Christ!

Transport us, we pray you, to Cyprus or any other free land. Our people are not indolent. We will earn our own bread if we are employed.

If this is too much to grant, transport at least our women, old people, and children, equip us with sufficient arms, ammunition, and food, and we will work with you with all our might against the Turkish forces. Please, sir, do not wait until it is too late!

Respectfully your servant, for all the Christians here, DIKRAN ANDREASIAN.

September 2.

But days passed and not even a sail was seen. The war had reduced the coastwise shipping to a minimum. Meanwhile, at my suggestion, our women had been making two immense flags, on one of which I printed in large, clear English:

CHRISTIANS IN DISTRESS—RESCUE

This was a white flag with black lettering. The other was also white with a large red cross at the center. We fastened these flags to tall saplings and set a watch at the foot to scan the horizon from dawn to dark. Some days we had rain, and on others heavy mists and fogs, which are rather prevalent along our bit of coast.

The Turks again attacked us by several approaches, and we had some severe fighting, but never at such close quarters as during the first general engagement. From one point of vantage we were able to roll boulders down the precipitous mountain-side with disastrous effects to the enemy. Our powder and cartridges were running low, and the Turks evidently had some idea of the straits we were in, for they began shouting insolent summons to surrender. Those were anxious days and long nights.

One Sunday morning, the fifty-third day of our defense, while I was occupied in preparing a brief sermon to encourage and strengthen our people, I was startled by hearing a man shouting at the top of his voice. He came racing through our encampment straight for my hut. "Pastor! pastor!" he exclaimed; "a battle-ship is coming and has answered our waving. Praise God! Thank God! Our prayers are heard! When we wave the Red Cross flag, the battle-ship answers by waving signal flags. They see us and are coming in nearer shore!"

This proved to be the French cruiser Guichen, a four-funnel ship. While one of its boats was being lowered some of our young men raced down to the shore and were soon swimming out to the stately vessel, which seemed to have been sent to us from God. With beating hearts we hurried down to the beach, and soon an invitation came to the captain for a delegation to come on board and narrate the situation. He sent a wireless to the Admiral of the fleet, and before a great while the flagship St. Jean d'Arc appeared on the horizon, followed by other French battle-ships. The Admiral spoke words of comfort and cheer to us, and gave an order that every soul of our community should be taken on board the ships. The embarkation took some time, of course, and an English cruiser was invited to take part in the transportation to Port Saïd, Egypt. We were taken on board four French cruisers and one English, and were very kindly cared for. In two days we arrived at Port Saïd, and are now settled in a permanent camp which has been provided for us by the British authorities.

We are especially grateful to Mr. William C. Hornblower for the excellent organization of this camp and to Colonel and Mrs. P. G. Elgood and Miss Russell for their untiring efforts on our behalf.

The Armenian Red Cross Society of Cairo, recently organized, of which the Gregorian Bishop is Honorary Chairman, Mr. Fermanian, of the Kodak Company, Director, and Professor Kayayan, Secretary, has sent us a staff of three doctors and three nurses.

An accurate census has been taken, which shows that the survivors number:

Babies and children under four years of age	413
Girls from four to fourteen	505
Boys from four to fourteen	606
Women above fourteen years of age	1,449
Men above fourteen	1,076
Total number of souls rescued	4,049

After the Turks' first challenge, July 13, we had eight days' parley and preparation. For fifty-three days we defended ourselves on Mousa Dagh; and a two days' voyage brought us to Port Saïd on September 14.

We do not forget that our Saviour was brought in his infancy to Egypt for safety and shelter. And the brethren of Joseph could not have been more grateful than we are for the corn and wheat provided.

With greetings to American, British, French, and Armenian friends, in the name of Christ under the shadow of whose Red Cross we are indeed one people.

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A GLANCE IN PASSING

BREATH

Man is the shaken slave of breath:
For logic leaves the race unstirred;
'Tis cadence, and the vibrant word,
Are lords of life, are lords of death.

Nor facts nor reasons absolute
May touch the crowd's composite soul,
But rhythm, and the drum's long roll,
The orator, the arrowy flute.

The gods breathed music in our clay.
Rune-giving Odin, Krishna, Pan,
Move in the running blood of man,
His tidal moods they mete and sway.

Breath is more mighty stuff than stone.
Sandaled with magic syllables,
Shadows, we glide, through shadowy hells...
Or soar to heaven on a tone.

* *
*

A maxim is what every man feels, felt into form by some one man.

* *
*

The nation that is licked in this war will be the one that believes its own pessimists first.

* *
*

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has been interviewing President Poincaré, of France, for the New York "Times." The President, no doubt, picked up a great many good ideas as to the way to run the war from Mr. Davis. But there was a slight impediment to the perfect freedom of communication. Says Mr. Davis:

"It was my good fortune to be presented by Paul Benazet. M. Benazet is an accomplished linguist, and, as President Poincaré does not express himself readily in English and as my French is better suited to restaurants than palaces, he acted as our interpreter."

If Mr. Davis had only trusted completely in his own star, I feel confident that his restaurant French would have carried him through all right. Either that or the personality which I have manufactured for myself as representing Mr. Davis, after many years of perusal of his writings, is all wrong. The Richard Davis of my visions, the commanding figure of my dreams, would have dropped in to lunch, would have made a virtue of his restaurant French, and would have conducted the interview something like this:

"'I have a great admiration,' said the President, 'for America and her intrepid writers.'

"'Thank you,' I replied; 'some oysters, President.'

"The President brought me the oysters. After I had sent him back to the kitchen for the tabasco, which he had forgotten, he continued: 'There is a traditional amity between the two republics, Mr. Davis—yours and mine.'

"'There is,' I answered, encouragingly. 'No—no soup. But you can bring me a bit of celery along with that chicken, President.' M. Poincaré informed me, apologetically, that there was not a stick of celery in the palace. I might have been annoyed, but I reflected that France is at war. And yet the demeanor of this charming man was not at all military. Making allowances for the times, I have never been more competently waited on by the ruler of a great nation in all my experience.

"'What would you advise France to do, Mr. Davis?' said the President, after we had got to the cheese and coffee, and he had held a match to my cigarette with his long, slender, aristocratic fingers.

"'Sit down,' I said, affably. He complied. I told him. I was compelled, more or less, to use the direct, simple French one uses when giving orders to a *garçon* in a café. But he understood, and he thanked me. He thanked me again as he held the door open for me to pass out, with the unconsciousness of real courtesy."

That last line is going too far? Oh, no. The actual interview in the "Times" is like that. I quote: "Then he gave me a message to Colonel Roosevelt, and with the unconsciousness of real courtesy himself opened the door for us."

There is something about Mr. Davis—at least the Mr. Davis I have manufactured for myself after a perusal of his writings—that compels that sort of thing from kings and presidents.

* *
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There is a little shop in New York where you can buy cages for grasshoppers. People who have loved grasshoppers all their lives and have yearned to have them about their homes, but who have not known how to keep them from eating unwisely in the conservatory or from being unwisely eaten in the dining-room, may now fashionably imprison them in the drawing-room and listen to their music all day long.

The idea of the caged grasshopper singing and swinging on his perch originated, I

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believe, with the Chinese. It indicates an engaging refinement, of a character more Chinese than American. A dog is a friendly pet, but some people think dogs a little coarse; parrots are beautiful, but all parrots were demons before they were parrots, and their aspiration is to conduct themselves so that they will be demons again; canaries are insipid, and cats are ungrateful, and the brilliance of the goldfish is rather physical than mental. Cockroaches, while gregarious in disposition and fond of the neighborhood of humanity, have never succeeded in inspiring man with a reciprocal affection. For the æsthete, what pet more ideal than the grasshopper? It is bright, it is cleanly, it is beautiful in color and quaint in shape. We have no way of knowing whether it is intelligent or not, and that in itself is fascinating. Does a grasshopper think? *What* does a grasshopper think? What does he think of men? What does he think, specifically, of the men who buy ornate cages for him? He says nothing, but his reticence may have a fine quality of irony in it, for all I know; there is such a thing as a witty silence.

Æsthetic though it be, the fad is one which I feel certain will never find much favor in Kansas. I can imagine some Kansan of wealth—wealth garnered in spite of a billion grasshoppers—who has been spending some time in New York for the purpose of picking up, and especially allowing his wife and daughters to pick up, little metropolitan trifles (some of them mental) just a bit different from the things to be had at home—I can imagine this Kansan, flanked by his feminine relations, peering through the windows of that little shop at the grasshoppers' cages displayed within. And his daughter Aurelia says it is a lovely thing and has visions of the social sensation it will create in her own set. But father only snorts. He has let the girls buy everything else, but he is firm on grasshopper cages; he cannot see himself introducing that particular fashion into Atchison or Emporia; he thinks of what Ed Howe or William Allen White would say to this exalted and aristocratic grasshopper flittering about his lacquered house of gold and black and green. And he gargles a word that I refuse to write for a family journal. "Father!" says Aurelia, and "Pa!" says his wife. But they pass on without that grasshopper cage. He does not refuse them much, but they know when Pa's foot is "sot."

QUEER ANIMALS

The Skaggle's fondest earthly hope
Is that you'll think him harmful,
But if you feed him laundry soap
He can't help smiling charmful.

Instead of feet, the Durg has wheels;
He sings through his proboscis;
He walks upon his hands, and squeals,
Each slippery place he crosses.

The Glicker's built in such a way
He has no clever tricks;
While other creatures romp and play
He merely stands and glicks.

* * *

The things people get proud over are always a source of wonder to the philosophic mind. A Middle Western friend tells me that there is a farmer in Indiana who has lorded it over all his neighbors for years because the center of population—that imaginary, arithmetical thing computed every ten years by the Federal Census Bureau—falls on his farm. He himself, my informant tells me, conceives that he is, in his own person, the center of population—the human pivot, as it were, upon which the Nation revolves. If the Census of 1920 takes the center of population off of his farm, as it probably will, it will be a sad blow for the old man. His glory will be gone. I can imagine him slyly moving a few miles west, craftily buying up the land upon which the center of population falls next before its present owner knows about it, and so retaining his importance. The vainest person I ever knew based his extraordinary vanity upon the fact that he could suddenly thrust out two false teeth upon the end of his tongue and then draw them back into place with a perceptible click. He was the janitor of a village school and awakened in scores of infants the desire to grow up and be able to do just that trick. We all have our little vanities; I have known otherwise intelligent men who would spend hours, if they could get the audience, telling just how various kinds of food, drink, and tobacco affected them to the minutest detail. And one of my acquaintances is more proud of the fact that he was born with a caul than that, after a hard fight against poverty and many early obstacles, he now occupies an enviable position at the bar. These little chance gifts of the fates seem to mean more to us than the things we have fought for and achieved.

DON MARQUIS.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

MEN OF THE KNOTTED HEART

NOT long since I received a letter from an Unknown Friend—husband and wife—living in Birkenhead, England, from which I make the following extract:

A book has recently been published here entitled "Men of the Knotted Heart." It is a very striking book, and the reading of it has been to us a source of inspiration and joy. . . . As we read this book, Mrs. —— said: "This is a book that Dr. Abbott would enjoy; let us send it as a little token of our obligations to him." We all agreed, and I now send it in the hope that it may be to you as great a pleasure as it has been to us.

The book entitled "Men of the Knotted Heart" accompanied this letter. I wonder how Mrs. —— could have guessed so accurately what kind of a book I would enjoy, since her only acquaintance with me is through my writings. But she was quite right. As I have already said in these papers, I do not often read a book through. I read *in* books. But the "Men of the Knotted Heart" I have read from cover to cover. Why? That question I can hardly answer to myself. It is not a biography. It contains no dates, no chronology. It portrays incidents, but no adventures; religion, but no theology; character, but no drama; courage, but no perils. It has seriousness without solemnity, and humor without fun. It is a portrait of sitters who have never posed, and yet is more than a snapshot. I wish some enterprising American publisher would give it to the American public. I should like to see it in the hands of students for the ministry, not for the lessons it teaches, but for the inspiration it gives, and in the hands of ministers who are not so well educated that they can learn nothing more.

J. P. Struthers and A. D. Grant were two Scottish ministers who spent their lives in two comparatively small parishes of the comparatively unknown town of Greenock, on the western coast of Scotland. Mr. Struthers was in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Mr. Grant in the Free Church. The Reformed Church is so conservative that it will sing nothing save the versified Psalms of David. Apparently it has never discovered, certainly it has never responded to, the invitation given in the Psalms: "O sing unto the Lord a *new* song." From several illustrations of its versification I select at chance one:

"By thee through troops of men I break,
And them discomfit all;
And by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall."

To this refusal to use modern hymns Mr. Struthers was always loyal. "'Shall we not take a hymn to-night?' asked the choirmaster in another church. 'Certainly,' said Struthers, 'if we can't get a Psalm to suit.'"

Mr. Grant was in the Free Church—a church which, to the average American, would not seem dangerously free. After all, freedom is comparative. But the difference in the theology of these two men made no difference in, I should be inclined to say, their real thinking. They were "Men of the Knotted Heart," bound together by the bands of an indissoluble friendship. Their differences of temperament made their companionship closer. Their friends knew them as David and Jonathan, and they knew each other so. When of a morning Grant would spy from his window Struthers's massive head appearing above the shrubbery, "Here's David," he would say.

The Scotch character is an enigma—but, then, is not all character an enigma? Every nation is a riddle to every other nation; every individual a riddle to every other individual; and most of us are unsolved riddles to ourselves. We spend our lives in guessing at the conundrum and die without solving it. The Scotch theologian is popularly thought of as hidebound, reactionary, severe, literal. And yet Robertson Smith and George Adam Smith have been among the leaders of the English-speaking world in Biblical criticism, and Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual Realm" is the best antidote I know to a spurious supernaturalism, and his "Ascent of Man" the most convincing interpretation of the doctrine of evolution applied in explaining the development of the whole man, both animal and spiritual—far more convincing to the religious thinker than Darwin's "Emotions in Animal and Man." The Scotch preacher is popularly dubbed Dr. Dryasdust, and yet it would be difficult to find in the

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pulpit of any nation superiors in pulpit eloquence to Chalmers, Guthrie, and Matheson.

I will venture in this quite informal table talk a different guess at the Scotch character. The Scotchman is temperamentally a legalist. He believes in the sanctity of law and in strictness in its observance. The definition of sin in the Westminster Confession of Faith might have come from a Scotchman: "Sin is any violation of or want of conformity to the law of God." To his thinking disobedience is the capital sin, obedience is the supreme virtue. But strictness is not identical with severity, nor inconsistent with great tenderness. One may be strict with himself, strict with his subjects, strict with his children, and yet full of overflowing tenderness for the unintentional and even for the flagrantly disobedient; witness the following incident:

> Some time or other in his student days, he (Struthers) had become the possessor of a volume of the works of Swedenborg—whose mysticism was poles asunder from the stern Calvinism of the Reformed Presbyterian Church. Then, as now, such books could be had for the asking. Struthers, not having leisure to read it, laid it aside for a while. But, his exams over and his mind at ease, he bethought him of the volume of Swedenborg, which it seems had piqued his intellectual curiosity. "Where is that book, mother?" he asked; "I want to read it." "In the fire," she answered; "I read it." Yet, ere I leave speaking of her, I would like to repeat what Struthers told to one of my own elders, that on her death-bed she said to him, "John, it's mebbe no richt, but I canna help prayin' for the enemy—for Satan himsel'." And so she passed, with a petition on her lips for the Black Heart of the Accuser of the Brethren, against whom throughout her life she had waged war without quarter.

If pious wishes are prayers, her prayers were not only for Satan. At another time she told her son "that she had remembered with great pity the souls that are outcast forever. 'But the All-Merciful may save them yet,' she said. 'It repented Him once, it may repent Him again.'"

This volume is full of these apparent contradictions. Perhaps that is what makes it interesting. Self-consistent character wins our admiration more easily than our affections. We may admire the always consistent character, but we do not find him interesting. Perhaps it was because my unknown friend rightly guessed that I am no great admirer of mere consistencies that she thought I would enjoy this book. All great men seem to me to possess, if not inconsistencies, at least antitheses in character which more commonplace men find it difficult to reconcile. It is because the greatest man in human history abounds with these apparent self-contradictions that after nineteen centuries he is still an object of study by an increasing number of disciples, and is still so grossly misunderstood by men who are not broad enough to see more than one side of his antithetical character. In this respect, as in some others, these "Men of the Knotted Heart" represented their Master. Observe, I say represented, not imitated, for these self-contradictions were spontaneous expressions of their inward life, not conscious imitations of the life of another. What, for example, would a consistent Protestant say to Grant's defense of prayers for the dead:

> We passed through the consecrated ground, and, coming to a stone cross erected to the memory of a parish priest, we stopped to read the inscription:
>
> THE CATHOLICS OF GREENOCK OFFER THIS CROSS AND PRAY
>
> "A little flock of beautiful words," he said.
>
> "I have heard you say," I reminded him, "that 'superstition fills every fine thought with frost.' Your very phrase, I think."
>
> "Don't use the word 'superstition' here," he answered, reprovingly. . . .
>
> "But you would not justify prayers for the dead?"
>
> "Never as a part of my creed; but if I found myself surprised into a prayer for my beloved hidden in death, I would not be ashamed. The Catholics pray for the dead that they may be delivered from purgatory. I could never believe in purgatory, but I would pray for the dead that, in their love for me and by the help of God, they might admit no impediment between my heart and theirs. That very prayer would help to keep green my memory of them, and steel my resolution to goodness."

One might easily think the economies of these men indicated a miserly littleness of character. What else would you say of Struthers's trick of diluting his ink, which "was one of those Struthersesque ways which were always such a wonder and delight"? Yet Struthers was no lover of money. He had an income of £200 a year from his congregation, was offered more and pressed to accept it, but would not. He was a generous giver; but extravagant expenditure, even in little things, seemed to him a sin. But he also could be extravagant when occasion justified. Once in a book-shop he spied on the shelves a copy of a notoriously licentious book, price

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four pounds. He remarked that it was hardly the kind of book that a decent bookseller would care to sell; the bookseller not responding, Struthers bought the book for three pounds ten shillings and paid the money. "The bookseller carefully wrapped the volume in paper and tied it up, handing it to Struthers with a smile. Struthers took it, walked to the back of the shop where there was a fire, and thrust the package into its heart, standing there till it was consumed. When he came back to Greenock he told Grant. 'Well done, old man,' said Grant, 'well done! You've made the world a bit cleaner.'"

The same kind of inconsistency characterized Grant. With him thrift was not temperamental, but acquired. "I was born extravagant," he once said. His giving had an air of carelessness about it; he gave joyously. But in a public address suggesting a list of books which every boy ought to have, he proposed as one of them the "Shorter Catechism" and the "Provident Bank Book," bound up together.

To both these men little things might be great things. If nothing was too little to be condemned if it was evil, also nothing was too little to be done if it would serve. It was Grant's habit in walking the street to clear the pavement of orange skins left there by the careless passer-by. On his way to church one Sunday morning he stopped over fifty times to clear the pavement. A lady, asked one day by some one if she had seen Mr. Grant passing that way, said, "You have only to look at these skins on the pavement to know he hasn't." Struthers's garden was surrounded by a stone wall from which one flat stone protruded.

On that stone he laid little bunches of flowers for any passer-by to take—an original thing to do. Throughout the long years of his residence there that was done. Daily, and often several times a day, the fragrant sacrifice was laid upon the little stone altar, a share of the beauty of his garden, which he offered to whomsoever list to take it. Many a lover passing there has taken a pansy hence to give to his sweetheart beside him, an offering to the love which keeps this old earth ever young. And there was a girl who walked that way of a morning and used to lift the freshly cut blooms and kiss them, and after her came a lad, hastening another airt, but who always stayed his steps beside the altar to find the kiss.

I have said that this book contains instances of courage without peril. Two incidents, one from the life of Grant, one from the life of Struthers, illustrate what I mean by this inaccurate sentence. They also illustrate the kind of courage which every minister ought to possess if he is to be in the highest degree efficient in his ministry:

I was walking with him [Grant] along a street in Greenock one day, when we came on a man lounging at a street corner. Just when we were abreast of him, there hove in sight another man, raging, inflamed with drink and all brutal passions. Espying the lounger, he came rushing at him, bawling, with oaths I suppress, "You-you-you, I want a punch at *you*. YOU-YOU, I want a punch at YOU." The attitude of the man was so violent, and his intention so cruel, and his language so dreadful, that everybody cleared out of his way as he came, with clenched fists and red eyes and mouth literally foaming, to wreak his vengeance on his foe—all save Grant, who quietly stepped in the man's way. "Have a punch at me instead," he said. The fellow stopped, dazed, and looked at the quiet, grizzled face in wonder. Some women got round the first man and hustled him out of sight. The truculency of the other seemed to evaporate. In a way I can hardly now tell, he too had disappeared, and Grant and I were walking on.

A different kind of courage, but one which every sensitive soul will appreciate, is illustrated in an incident told of Struthers. He was much interested in a House of Refuge in Greenock, and took an active part in trying to save through its instrumentality abandoned girls from their street lives. Narrating the following incident to his friend, he referred to the phrase in Job, "He saveth the poor from their mouth." "'From their mouth,' he said to me. 'If you go up there among those people, pray to be saved from their mouth.'" He went on:

But, when I mind that text, it comes to me that some years ago there were two girls, very bad girls I am afraid, and they left the House of Refuge and went back to the streets. So I had to seek them and persuade them to return; and at last one day I met them together, very downcast—the ways of the wicked are as darkness—and I reasoned with them all I could. At last one of them said, "We'll come back to the Home if you'll take us in a cab." So we struck the bargain, and I went off and got a cab then and there, put them into it and went with them. We had to drive through the busiest streets with plenty of bad men about, and women too, I fear, who would jeer at me. Perhaps it was weak of me—I should be ashamed of myself—but I couldn't help praying to be saved from their mouth. One of the girls—they were sitting opposite to me—leaned forward and began to breathe on the window of

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the cab, so that she covered it with the steam of her breath. The other looked at her a moment and then started to the other window. I said, "What are you doing that for?" And they said, "Oh! we're jist playin' hide an' seek, same as we did when we were kiddies," and then, more soberly, "It's no' for the likes o' you to be seen wi' the likes o' us." That made me all shivery, and I was going to stop them, when I minded that I had just prayed to be delivered out of the mouths of the crafty, and God was doing it by opening the mouths of the two poor creatures with me—ay, by the very breath of their mouths.

This incident illustrates in Struthers's telling of it the audacity and homeliness of his piety. When he had finished, says the author of this book, he was silent, too, a moment, and then he made this startling, daring comment: "I sometimes have thought that the best line in the Paraphrases is:

"'O spread Thy covering wings around,'

and these were very dreadful wings to be covered by, but I believe they were God's wings all the same."

Grant, returning one morning to his home to meet with a little company of Christian folk engaged on schemes of helpfulness, fell at the steps of his garden and died there alone, breathing out his spirit in the faint silver lights of that January day. What Struthers said of his companion might, I think, be said with equal truth of him: "Heaven is no doubt a remarkable place, but I'll be sadly mistaken if Grant isn't an acquisition to it." It was not long before Struthers followed his companion in a death almost precisely similar. "Preaching upon the Love of God, of all themes that which he liked the best, he faltered a moment—recovered—spoke a word or two, and then fell on the pulpit floor—sinking at once into the mysterious deeps of obliviousness."

He must be peculiarly impervious to the unconscious influence of good men who can read how these two Men of the Knotted Heart passed through life and passed out of it, without receiving some impulse to devouter and more unselfish living.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

JOHN HAY

FROM John Hay, more than from any other writer, we have an expert's pen portrait of Lincoln. And this is a salient excellence of the present work by William Roscoe Thayer.[1] Hay used to call Lincoln "the Tycoon," and described him thus:

> The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. . . . I am growing more convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing [the war] is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle, and so firm.

Books have appeared entitled The True George Washington, The True This, and The True That. The first volume of the present work might well be entitled The True Abraham Lincoln. It shows him to us as the man—always great, but sometimes clumsy, and certainly homely. We are told about the visits to his secretary's room which Lincoln made at night, "his short shirt hanging about his long legs and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich. . . . What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, . . . he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt." Nor does Hay attempt to cover up any "larks;" for instance: "I went last night to a sacred concert of profane music at Ford's. . . . The Tycoon and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the end girls in the flies."

Lincoln was never petty. Mr. Thayer reports:

> The loyal secretary told the President of the conduct of Secretary Chase "in trying to cut under" for the Republican nomination. Mr. Lincoln said: "It was very bad taste, but . . . Chase made a good Secretary. . . . If he becomes President, all right! I hope we may never have a worse man."

As Mr. Thayer notes, during four years daily and often hourly companionship enabled Hay to observe at close range the working of Lincoln's mind and "the heart and character of the ruler who has had no peer in the Anglo-Saxon world." (Anglo-Saxon, indeed! Where is the peer in any world?)

And here, crystallizing Lincoln's ideals, we have his own rejoinder to the extremist suggestion that the North should subjugate the

[1] The Life and Letters of John Hay. By William Roscoe Thayer. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the Negroes "while they raised our cotton!"

Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour. . . . For my own part, I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now whether, in a free government, the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves.

The work also gives us a close personal view-point of the actors in the Civil War: "As if he were the privileged of Destiny, John Hay watches the unfolding of the spectacle from the White House as from a proscenium box." Mr. Thayer proceeds:

Nor is he a mere looker-on. He is always at the President's right hand to do the President's bidding. What he sees and what he hears has due weight in shaping the President's decisions. For John Hay was a witness to be trusted—discreet, clear-sighted, business-like, and, above all, sympathetic to Lincoln.

Thus we are brought nearer the human element in the war than is sometimes the case in formal histories, because Hay's short, sharp, snappy sentences vividly characterize the army leaders and others. For instance, Grant was "sound," "cool-headed," "unselfish," but McClellan was "timid" and "vacillating"—indeed, we read of his "mutinous imbecility." Again, "Porter was the most magnificent soldier in the army of the Potomac, ruined by his devotion to McClellan. . . . I don't count John Logan as company for historians." Again, Sheridan was the "Little Jack of Clubs." Then this to Nicolay: "My dear Nico: Don't, in a sudden spasm of good nature, send any more people with letters to me requesting favors from Stanton. I would rather make the tour of a smallpox hospital."

As Mr. Thayer says, these pen portraits of the actors in the drama of the Civil War possess the lifelikeness of latter-day snapshots. The biographer continues:

He has not only the knack of drawing vividly with a few strokes, but also a store of humor, which he sprays over them like a fixative. . . . It is precisely such testimony as his that enables the historian to discover the state of mind, whether personal or collective, out of which came the motives which caused the events in any historical episode.

After the war Hay went into the diplomatic service. His first position was Secretary of Legation at Paris under Bigelow, of whom Mr. Thayer justly says:

John Bigelow, the American Minister, had served during nearly Lincoln's entire Administration, and upon him had fallen the task of preventing the Emperor Napoleon III from openly supporting the cause of the Confederate States. Next to Charles Francis Adams in London, whose work in helping to preserve the Union can never be overestimated, Bigelow was the most valiant defender abroad of the American Republic.

In these perfect terms Hay described Louis Napoleon:

Short and stocky, he moves with a queer sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden-looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like a crude tallow—marked for death, whenever death wants him—to be taken sometime in half an hour, or left, if properly coddled. The mustache and imperial which the world knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful, furtive, stealthy, rather ignoble; like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying, "Nobody at home," and lying as they say it. And withal a wonderful phlegm. He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figure-head. He looks not unlike one of those rude inartistic statues. His legs are too short, his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as a king ought.

Hay's next diplomatic experience was at Vienna, and thence to Madrid. Returning in 1870, he joined the staff of the New York "Tribune," and wrote many letters to the sub-editor, Whitelaw Reid. Once, when suffering as Job did, Hay sent a note explaining: "I can't walk, stand, or sit, but by special grace am able to lie on my stomach. If you can think of a subject you would like to have treated from that point of view, send it over and I will worry it." While the chapters describing Hay's years in journalism and his more literary achievements may not be long enough to satisfy his most ardent admirers, they will welcome the well-merited tributes to the immortal "Pike County Ballads" and to the "Castilian Days," and also the first satisfactory account of the "Bread Winners"—indeed, of Hay and Nicolay's "Life of Lincoln," as well. Hay once expressed to Nicolay his principle of work on this biography as follows:

We will not fall in with the present tone of blubbering sentiment, of course, but we ought

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to write the history of those times like two everlasting angels who know everything, judge everything, tell the truth about everything, and don't care a twang of their harps about one side or the other. There would be one exception. We are Lincoln men all through.

It was Hay's distinction to have known well our three martyred Presidents. As he was accustomed to say, "What a strange and tragic fate it has been of mine—to stand by the bier of three of my dearest friends, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, three of the gentlest of men, all risen to the head of the State, and all done to death by assassins!"

Hay's opinion of Garfield is reflected in the following excerpt:

Besides the qualities which are personal to you, you know more of the past and present Government, more history, and more politics than any man since the younger Adams, and you are free from his peculiar infirmities of temper which so narrowed and distorted his views.

Any man would be remarkable who could bind to himself as with hooks of steel two such very dissimilar characters as John Hay and Mark Hanna. A letter from Hay to Theodore Stanton says:

Don't you go to making mistakes about McKinley! He is no tenderfoot—he has a habit of getting there. Many among the noble and pure have had occasion to change their minds about him. My friend Smalley changes his weekly. Sometimes he admires him more than I do, and sometimes less. I think he is wrong both times.

After McKinley's death Hay wrote:

The President was one of the sweetest and quietest natures I have ever known among public men. I can hear his voice and see his face as he said all the kind and consoling things a good heart could suggest. And now he too is gone and left the world far poorer by his absence.

Hay's service to McKinley was twofold—as Ambassador to England and as Secretary of State. Mr. Thayer judges the first service as follows:

John Hay's Ambassadorship ranks in importance next after that of Charles Francis Adams. Adams prevented England from officially cooperating to destroy the American Union. Hay, more than any other individual, persuaded England . . . that her interests, if not actually her salvation, called for a larger union with her American kinsmen.

The second service is also impressively characterized:

Whether we would or not, we were now a World Power, and could not evade the entanglements, ambitions, advantages, or the dangers implied by that fact. John Hay was among the few who understood the significance of the change from the very first moment; . . . he shaped all his work as Secretary of State with reference to it.

Among the events of Secretary Hay's term of office were his negotiations of new treaties and the China and Panama matters. Concerning the main difficulty in the way of the first, he wrote:

The irreparable mistake of our Constitution puts it into the power of one-third of the Senate to meet with a categorical veto any treaty negotiated by the President, even though it may have the approval of nine-tenths of the people of the Nation. . . . There will always be thirty-four per cent of the Senate on the blackguard side of every question that comes before them.

Mr. Thayer thus aptly describes Hay's work for China:

Hay accustomed the world to accept the Open Door as the only decent policy for it to adopt toward China. Not one of the Governments concerned wished to agree to it; each saw more profit to itself in exploiting what it had already secured and in joining in the scramble for more; but not one of them, after Hay had declared for the Open Door, dared openly to oppose the doctrine. It was as if, in a meeting, he had asked all those who believed in telling the truth to stand up—the liars would not have kept their seats.

With regard to Panama we read: "Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote signed the treaty, which the Senate ratified. Hay was naturally elated. . . . This treaty . . . contained two provisions which he deemed essential—the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer convention and the acknowledgment that the United States should control undisturbed the building and operation of the Isthmian Canal." Of later events on the Isthmus Hay wrote:

If the President had acted differently . . . the attacks . . . now made on him would have been ten times more virulent and more effective. He must have done exactly as he did, or the only alternative would have been an indefinite duration of bloodshed and devastation through the whole extent of the Isthmus.

Hay once referred to Theodore Roosevelt as "a young fellow of infinite dash and originality"—a correct characterization. But Roosevelt had more than dash and originality, as his Secretary of State was quick to acknowledge. The Rooseveltian quality of courage received its frequent tribute from Hay, culminating in a letter written from

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Bad-Nauheim only a few weeks before his death:

I need not tell you with what pride and pleasure we all read your speech at Chicago. It has the true ring of conscience and authority combined—the voice of a man "who would not flatter Neptune for his trident." It is a comfort to see the most popular man in America telling the truth to our masters, the people. It requires no courage to attack wealth and power, but to remind the masses that they too are subject to the law is something few public men dare to do.

One quality distinguished Colonel Hay in a peculiar degree—the ability to see through pompousness. This made the position of Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, exasperating to that diplomat. Hay also said to Henry Adams: "I see your friend, the Kaiser, has at last taken the scalp of Delçassé. . . . He has evidently done it out of sheer wantonness, to let people know there is a God in Israel."

After all, neither Hay the poet nor Hay the publicist, but Hay the man, interests us most. He is most appealing in his darkest moments. He never had a darker than when his boy died. He wrote:

Why should he go, . . . with his splendid health and strength, his courage, his hopes, his cheery smile which made everybody like him at sight? . . . He was a part of all our lives; our hopes, our plans, our pride, our affections, were all so bound up in him that we find, wherever we turn, something broken, crippled, shattered, torn. . . . My one source of comfort is the courage and sanity with which my wife bears her trouble. . . . When she . . . stood with me beside him, looking into his serene and smiling face—he never looked so handsome and so happy—I felt and have felt ever since that she had character enough for both of us. . . . She said at the very beginning: "We must act as if he were away on one of his long journeys, and as if we were to see him again in due time."

Of course those who knew Mr. Hay well will read every page of this "Life" with absorbing interest. Others who did not know him well should also here find not only entertainment and instruction, but also inspiration. The biography will doubtless add to Mr. Thayer's fame, already justly great because of his brilliant "Life of Cavour." Yet these volumes are really more an autobiography than a biography. In his diary and letters John Hay tells his own story in his own way. Mr. Thayer's contribution, however, has been a doubly responsible one—the selection from the great mass of rich material left by Hay and the connecting description. The biographer's selections are admirable, and, aside from a few personal "digs" at men and things, his description is clear, balanced, and forceful. But it lacks the intimate touch. Though the style often recalls Hay's in its pungent touch-and-go, it betrays hardly enough first-hand impression—the sort of thing which would have seemed inevitable to one who had been so close to Hay's engaging personality, who had been under the spell of his compelling charm. But we should be deeply grateful for these volumes. They contain a treasury of information to students of history. They are a deserved tribute to a sturdy patriot, to the finest of international statesmen, to a maker of enduring literature, to a great gentleman.

THE READER'S VIEW

THE JACOB A. RIIS SETTLEMENT

The statisticians tell us that almost one-half of the people of Manhattan are foreign-born. Our special task, in memory of Jacob A. Riis, is to make good Americans of these strangers in our midst. We try to help by kindergartens, clubs, classes, and every kind of friendly activity these families who have come to their crowded homes straight from the steamer. As one of the older boys said, "This is not really the neighborhood in which we live—it is an extension of the dock where we land."

Gymnasium and showers and wholesome fun mean good citizenship later on. We need your help in developing these opportunities. The schools call upon us constantly for aid in guiding the children past the pitfalls of city life. The mothers turn to us for explanation in this strange new land.

If you wish to have a special part in the patriotic service of this neighborhood house, will you send your contribution to

Mrs. E. W. Todd,
The Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood Settlement,
48 Henry Street, New York City.

ENLISTMENT AND CONSCRIPTION IN THE CIVIL WAR

In an editorial on "War Loans and the War" in your publication of the 29th of September appears the following: "In 1861 the South was more united than the North; its valorous spirit

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of self-sacrifice was greater; it did not have to resort to conscription as the North did." I have been a reader of The Outlook for years, and have not only admired its ideals but have observed its accuracy of statements in regard to current events as well as past history. Thinking many of your readers are liable to be misled by the above quotation, I am led to make the following communication:

On the 31st of December, 1861, the Confederate records showed that the South then had in her army 326,768 men, of which number only 258,680 were present (Vol. 127, Records of the Rebellion). One thousand and seven-tenths of their regiments were enlisted for the war, the rest for one year only. The North at the same date had over 500,000, nearly all of whom were volunteers for three years. The terms of service of more than two-thirds of the Confederate army expired in the spring and summer of 1862. To retain these veterans was the object of the Government, and it used all its influence to accomplish this purpose. A furlough of thirty days, a bounty of fifty dollars, and the privilege of entering any arm of the service were offered to every soldier who would enlist for a period of three years. With the fall of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and subsequent loss of nearly the whole State of Tennessee, the most populous of the Southern States, a crisis arose that threatened the early fall of the Confederate Government. Notwithstanding the threatened danger and the various inducements to their veteran soldiers to re-enlist, they declined so to do. General Lee, in the winter of 1862, then in command of a department embracing the States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, wrote to his Government that he did not think a single regiment could be raised in those three States in three months. To meet the crisis, Congress, on the 16th of April, 1862, passed an act of conscription to call into the service all white residents in the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, with very few exceptions. On October 11, 1862, a second act gave the same power to the President to call all between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. On February 17, 1864, a most drastic act placed all white men in the army between seventeen and fifty years of age, most of the previous exemptions being repealed. Mr. James A. Seddon, the Secretary of War, in a report dated January 3, 1863, said: "It [conscription] was demanded by the imperious necessity of the occasion; it alone could save us. The first flush of enthusiasm and the rush of volunteers had comparatively ceased, and the spirit of volunteering had died out. The periods of enlistment of more than two-thirds of our soldiers were very near their termination. Our army was in incipient disorganization and on the eve of dissolution."

There were more than three million enlistments in the Northern army, the draft furnishing less than forty-two thousand. It is for your readers to judge whether these official figures show superior valor on the part of the North or South. GEORGE A. BRUCE.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

PORTO RICO AND BARBADOS

You say, "Porto Rico is the most thickly populated country on the globe." I visited Barbados last winter, and was told that the population there was not far from 200,000, about 1,200 to the square mile. Two different guide-books gave the same figures. *If correct*, then Porto Rico is not the most thickly populated country on the globe. A. G. SHERRY.

Troy, New York.

A CORRECTION

[In the issue of September 29 last The Outlook published extended quotations from an article by Dr. Alice Hamilton which originally appeared in the "Survey." The article was of very special interest because Dr. Hamilton accompanied Miss Jane Addams on a journey to the different countries of Europe to present the actions of the Women's Peace Congress at The Hague, and in the course of this journey Dr. Hamilton had remarkable and unusual opportunities to study the feeling in the different countries as regards the war. The following letter from Dr. Hamilton corrects a minor error in the article relating to Mr. Gilbert Murray.—THE EDITORS.]

I regret very much having repeated Mr. Murray's story inaccurately. It was done quite inadvertently, and until I received a letter from Mr. Murray I had no idea that any one would gain from it the meaning he protests against. There was no intention on my part of implying that the young soldier referred to was lacking in courage or patriotism, that he was hoping for peace on any terms. My sole thought in telling the story was that it illustrated the statement we heard made so often, that those who idealize war are largely those who do not really know what it is; that the soldiers themselves often loathe it and believe that there should never be another war. Since it is possible that others who read the anecdote received the impression Mr. Murray did, I wish to take this opportunity to express to them, as well as to Mr. Murray himself, my regret that I should thus have blundered. ALICE HAMILTON.

Hull House, Chicago.

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BY THE WAY

In 1907, when typewriting contests were instituted in New York City, Miss Rose Fritz won with a speed of 87 words a minute for one hour's writing. This year she wrote 129 words per minute for an hour; but another contestant, Miss Owen, exceeded even this speed, writing 136 words a minute. During the hour Miss Owen struck the keys 39,285 times—a fraction under 11 a second—and made only 42 mistakes. Let any one try to tap a pencil on a sheet of paper 11 times a second, and he will appreciate the dexterity of the champion typist.

"Beating swords into plowshares" is a Biblical phrase that is not widely pertinent just now, but it is at least suggested by the statement in a railway journal that an open freight car that had been built specially for carrying heavy ordnance was used recently to transport a giant chrysanthemum plant from Dobbs Ferry, New York, to Cleveland, Ohio. The plant was fifteen feet in diameter, and was packed on edge, with the lower edge resting only about six inches above the rails.

Most of the steel mills of the United States are now working at their fullest capacity, with no let-up in sight. "The next step to be taken by the steel companies, apparently," says the New York "Sun," "will be to withdraw salesmen because of the tremendous pressure on the mills." When business booms in steel in this way, the contagion is likely to spread, according to many precedents.

The "Century Magazine" for December appropriately illustrates "Our Nation in the Building," by Helen Nicolay, with wood engravings of many of the early celebrities of the country. To see these fine portraits reproduced in this way makes the reader think that he is turning the pages of a copy of the "Century" of the old days—and was there ever a more beautiful magazine published than the "Century" of the '90's?

Don Simon Patino, of Oruro, Bolivia, is called the Tin King of the world. Beginning as a storekeeper, he developed the tin industry of his country until now he owns a line of steamships to carry his tin and has made Boliva's exports of that metal amount to five times as much as those of all other metals—and Bolivia, it will be remembered, has for centuries been a great mining country.

Captain Dreyfus, famous a decade or more ago as the hero of a celebrated trial before a French military court, is now, a correspondent of the New York "Times" says, in active service at the front, as a Major of artillery.

"The Kansas folks," says William Allen White, "are having the time of their life riding around in automobiles. In Emporia, even if you don't own a car, you can ride thirty blocks in one for a nickel. You can ride along whatever street you want, right up to your own door. If you want to be a sport and have the car call at your house for you, you'll have to pay a dime!" Such is the triumph of the jitney in Kansas.

The arrival at New York of a newly built transatlantic liner, the Lafayette, of the French Line, last month, indicates that the French still have skilled artisans who can be spared from the front. The Lafayette is described as a splendid ship, built in accordance with the most advanced ideas in naval construction. Among the novelties of her equipment is a "Punch and Judy" theater for the children.

"In the balcony, scenes from the Orient will be reproduced, with Oriental maidens to serve the cup that cheers." This announcement in a church fair programme leaves the reader somewhat in doubt as to the nature of "the cup that cheers." As this church is well known for its advocacy of "no license," it would seem that its quotation should include the words "but not inebriates." At this season Cowper's lines have a pleasant suggestiveness that invites their reprinting:

> "the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each."

Many experiments in lightening heavy castings in various machines, including motor cars, by the use of aluminum, must await the end of the war, apparently, on account of the great rise in the price of that metal. Within a few months aluminum has risen from 20 cents a pound to 55 cents. In part, this increase is ascribed to the use of aluminum in the percussion caps and time fuses of shrapnel and other high explosive shells.

The new channel through the Gaillard Cut in the Panama Canal will, it is reported, be nearly completed by the middle of December, and it is expected that the Canal will again be in condition for use by the first of the year. The slide is said to have filled the Canal forty feet above the water-level for a considerable distance.

The following pidgin English version of Uncle Sam's attitude toward German submarine warfare appears in the "National Sunday Magazine:" "Before time we belong fliends. Long time no have got bobbelly [trouble]. Just now you makee fight England. That no belong my pidgin [business]. Suppose you wantche fight, can do. Suppose England she wantche fight, can do. My no fight. You little boat go bottom side water . . . you have pay [make] one pidgin boat go bottom side. Plenty piece Melican die. That no belong ploper. That velly bad. Suppose you take Melicans off pidgin boat, they go home—can shoot big boat; suppose no take off—no can do."

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